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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Literary Prospecting

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

THE modern editor in a publishing house is far from being a sort of commercialized judge in a perpetual literary contest, though the popular impression runs that his major function is something of that sort. Actually, the selection of books to be published is a small and relatively simple part of an editor's job. He spends a great deal more of his time in developing ideas which he hopes may become books and in providing an increasing amount of technical help and encouragement to authors. Many of the leading books (both in sales and importance) each year are being called into existence by editors, or owe their effectiveness in good part to the editorial work which has been done on them.

Margaret Halsey: "With Malice toward Some" grew out of letters home

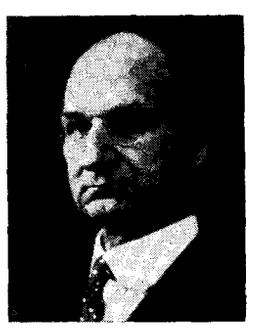
This emphasis on the creative aspects of editing is not wholly new, but only in the last fifteen years has it become, in many publishing houses, a paramount consideration. The older theory of the editor's relative importance is expressed in George H. Doran's reminiscences, "Chronicles of Barabbas": "Every publishing house of importance has its competent editor-in-chief. Frequently he is a partner in the business, but rarely is he the dominant figure; for modern publishing demands the merchant of quality as director-in-chief." That statement harks back to the time when authors had to compete for publishers. Nowadays it is the publisher who has to find authors, and in that process the editor is the central figure.

Pinchot

Clyde Brion Davis: his first MS was unsolicited

There are not enough good books to go around. And modern publishers are not in a position to choose whether or not they will bring out books. No matter how small the organizations which they maintain, payrolls and rent fall due whether the house has current titles to sell or not. The result is that new volumes must be published on a fairly fixed schedule, and as many of them as will keep the organization working at the capacity to which it is geared.

The statistical summary which appears annually in the *Publisher's Weekly* shows just how unremitting this pressure for new books is. Almost 10,000 titles will have been published in 1938, and though many of them are specialized—texts, works of reference, technical books, and so on—at least 4,000 of them were expected to reach a wholly or partially general market. These are the books with which publishers' "trade" editors are concerned. Furthermore, although some 240 publishing houses will produce five or more apiece of these 10,000 titles, the great majority are either small houses or engaged solely in publishing texts, medical books, and other specialized volumes. Running down the list of publishers it becomes plain that fewer than sixty houses are bringing out the current books which you and I read. And this means that the *average* number of new books which each one of them must find in the course of a year is close to seventy.



Dr. Hertzler wrote "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" for his friends

No editor, of course, thinks to himself: "This week it is up to me to find one and two-fifths new books." In terms of his actual work he is hardly aware of the forces which impel him to literary prospecting. But they are there. He has got to find books as well as edit, and if he doesn't, well—there is nothing to edit!

At first blush it looks like no problem at all to fill a list of seventy titles for our hypothetical average publishing house. Many are sure to be written by authors already on the list. For the balance, why not simply select the best among the two, three, or perhaps even six thousand manuscripts which will come into the editorial department in the course of a season? Surely out of even 2,000 manuscripts, a few good things will appear?

The answer is "no." Not out of *any* number of thousands of unsolicited manuscripts will an adequate supply of publishable books appear. In fact, it's an even-money bet that 2,500 submissions will not contain a single script worth translating into type.

Lancelot Hogben met his publisher halfway on "Mathematics"

I well remember the pride with which, as a publisher's reader, I approached my first batch of manuscripts. I had been with the firm about a month and had given my employers no reason to suppose that I knew more about manuscript reading than any B.A. might be supposed to have learned in college—or just exactly nothing. Yet it never occurred to me to wonder why *I* was to be entrusted with the important, almost sacred duty of finding new books for the firm. Of course they knew I wouldn't find any.

But I didn't know it; there was no doubt in my unsophisticated mind that there were good books lurking in the mountain of unread manuscripts stacked in our editorial offices. One of them might well be a masterpiece, and I was going to find it. Prying three scripts from the bottom of the heap, I set to work. They were hopeless. Even with my zeal it was impossible to read more than a few chapters of any of them. I extricated more, and still more. Days and weeks passed, and still I had not found a book that I thought was worth recommending for publication, let alone the masterpiece that I had been going to discover.

All the while, though, the masterpiece

Next Week

THE FAMILY OF THE BARRETT
By JEANNETTE MARKS
Reviewed by William DeVane

THE AMERICAN POLITICIAN
EDITED BY J. T. SALTER
Reviewed by Joseph F. Dinneen

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was really there, and the story of that script is one of the exceptions which prove the rule that there is no gold in the manuscript mountains. The cornerstone of the pyramid of unread scripts was a block of typewritten pages so big that it measured about two feet vertically and had to be tied in a number of packets. My fellow reader and I jockeyed about for a good while before I managed to stick him with its reading. (He was a more experienced reader than I.) He read 50,000 words of that tome, some of them aloud to me. What I heard of it was terrible. Finally we sent the manuscript back, presumably in a truck.

That was "Look Homeward, Angel" by an unknown young man named Thomas Wolfe.

In a flock of geese, the single swan is not so conspicuous as you might suppose. Particularly when the swan isn't even there most of the time. Some excellent editors admit that they have never found a single publishable book among the unsolicited manuscripts which have come in to them. Even in large houses, where the best things in many cases are submitted first, to find one per cent of the annual list among the unsolicited manuscripts is exceptional. "Every second or third year we find something" is the estimate of one well known editor.

It does happen once in a while. A dog-eared script with a one-sentence letter of submission turned out to be Clyde Brion Davis's "The Anointed." The Abbé Dimnet's "Art of Thinking" was a fortuitous (though not unheralded) arrival at Simon & Schuster. A manuscript by LeGrand Cannon, Jr., interested John Farrar so much that though it was not accepted for publication it led directly to "A Mighty Fortress" and "The Kents." There have been others, too, but they are so rare that it would make little difference to most publishers if they, like some Hollywood script departments, never read the unsolicited manuscripts that pour in upon them. It would also save them a lot of money and eyestrain.

Literary agents submit thousands of manuscripts annually to book publishers. Naturally they assay higher than those which come direct from the writers, because the agent does not bother with hopeless material; but the run of agency submissions, the scripts from unpublished writers, are not exceptional. Agents, of course, handle the majority of established authors, and they are alert to find new ones of promise, but in such cases they make a special effort to place their client. It is safe to say that no editor can find an important percentage of his new books from agencies without taking the initiative in a highly competitive effort to land the relatively few good things the agents have.

This is certainly not to belittle the role of the agent. It was an agent, indeed, who finally found a publisher for Thomas Wolfe. Madeleine Boyd, who was handling him at the time, used often to drop in on Maxwell Perkins at Scribners, and for a number of weeks she talked about "Look Homeward, Angel" and its author. Finally Mr. Perkins asked her why she didn't stop talking about this book and let him see it. Mrs. Boyd was reluctant. Editors, she felt, were impatient, and you couldn't be impatient with a genius like Wolfe. She admitted, also, that the first 100,000 words were not up to the rest of the book. So, if Mr. Perkins wanted to see the script he would have to promise to read every word. He did—perhaps without fully realizing just how many words there were—and when the manuscript arrived he stuck by his promise. There was gold at the bottom of one of the longest shafts ever sunk by a busy editor.

Lumping together unsolicited manuscripts of all sorts, whether from authors or agents, it is probable that not more than two or three of the seventy annual books on our hypothetical list are secured from that source. The group of authors already published by the firm will supply the largest single class of publishable material. But even of the remaining titles only a small fraction will be "discoveries." So the situation is paradoxical—while thousands of authors are looking for publishers, the publishers are equally busy looking for books.

Foreign books make up a substantial fraction of most lists, though here again the bulk come from authors who have been previously published by the American house. Of the new authors imported, the majority come from England. Practically all the non-fiction books from across the water are English. There seems to be a tendency to publish fewer Continental books; translation costs are high and the ordinary book earns barely enough to recompense its author, let alone a translator.

The present state of Europe constitutes another and more tragic reason for the decline in European books on American lists. Ben Huebsch of Viking Press points out that there are only about eight German authors who can support themselves from the royalties on their works in translation—with a market that includes France, England, and the United States. Seven of the eight are exiles, the sole remaining German author of any literary stature who lives in his native country being Hans Fallada. Nor do there seem to be any rising young writers within the boundaries of Germany and Italy. There are perhaps a dozen French writers whose books are important to American publishers, half a dozen Scandinavians, a few Spanish and Russian authors, and a sprinkling of South Europeans. Most of them were secured as a result of personal trips abroad by members of the houses which publish them over here, though one or two firms are large enough to afford a European representative.

Small though it is in point

(*Continued on page* 15)

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Politics Is People

BEHIND THE BALLOTS: THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF A POLITICIAN. By James A. Farley. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD PHELPS STOKES

WRITTEN as a pot-boiler, by a man who has few claims to fame except as a politician and who is regarded by many worthy persons as more or less of a menace to our institutions because of his devotion to the spoils system, this book might easily be dismissed as a work of only ephemeral interest. On the contrary, it is likely to be read for many years to come, and for two simple reasons: it contains an authoritative account of the development of political support for the nomination, election, and reëlection of President Franklin Roosevelt, and it describes in an engaging way the career and methods of the most successful political manager of his day.

The most memorable chapter in the book is the one dealing with the pre-election campaign of 1932. Here is the inside story of those fateful months, from the day when the author set out on his westward travels in a manner artfully compounded of Kim's lama looking for his sacred river and Charles F. Murphy going after the delegation from Kinderhook, down to the dramatic moment when F. D. R. stepped, *deus ex machina*, before the tumultuous convention which had nominated him for President. Historians will note that Farley rejects contemporary accounts of that convention which held Hearst largely responsible for breaking the deadlock and swinging the convention to Roosevelt on the fourth ballot, and gives the credit for that historic maneuver almost entirely to Garner.

There are chapters on the birth of the New Deal, the 1936 election, the Post Office Department, F. D. R. The one on the President will disappoint any reader naive enough to expect any very novel or disparaging revelations as to the character of Mr. Farley's boss. Our author does criticize him gently, however, for sometimes battling too hard for a pet measure when a more compromising attitude might accomplish more.

Who was the original Roosevelt-for-President man? Who is the most unselfish man in public life today? Who the most intensely serious? What is the trouble with the Brain Trusters? Is Mrs. Roosevelt an asset or a liability? These and other similar questions the reader will find answered in Mr. Farley's book. It is full of those "intimate glimpses of men in public life" which publishers relish. In and out flits the poignant figure of the late Louis McHenry Howe, Secretary to the President, the gnome-like little man who hoarded votes for his beloved "Franklin" as a miser would hoard gold.

While he objects to political purges, Mr. Farley is apparently not averse to occasional literary ones. When his life story was published in the *American Magazine* last summer, he mentioned Governor Lehman's statement opposing the President's Supreme Court plan, and went on to say that he politely suggested to the Governor afterwards, that he mind his own business. This "intimate glimpse" is missing from the formal autobiography. So is the breath-taking estimate that Mr. Farley has between 400,000 and 500,000 correspondents, fully half of whom he knows personally. But he does describe his habit of striking out "Dear Mr. Jones" in letters that have been typewritten for his signature and submitting "Dear Bill," in his favorite green ink, to give the missive the right personal touch. (The editor emeritus of the *New York Times* has what must be a priceless item of Farleyana: a letter in which "Dear John" is struck out and "Dear Dr. Finley" substituted.)

There is much about other and more subtle methods of gaining and holding men's allegiance, all of it lending support to the theory that political genius consists chiefly of an infinite capacity for making friends. Or, as Mr. Farley himself puts it, "Politics is people."

Eric Schaal

James A. Farley: "While he objects to political purges, Mr. Farley is apparently not averse to occasional literary ones." . . .

Harold Phelps Stokes was Washington correspondent of the "old" New York Evening Post, and for many years an editorial writer on the New York Times.

Mann on Munich

THIS PEACE. By Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. 75 cents.

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

IN this brief essay on the Munich accord and its consequences Thomas Mann has eloquently voiced his disgust and despair over Europe's degeneration into fascism. In doing so he has adopted, lock, stock, and barrel, the view that Czechoslovakia was betrayed by a "politically powerful clique of international interests" who offered up "an allied and loyal state upon the altar of fascism, that fascism might be preserved and strengthened for its role as hired bravo against Russia and socialism." Foremost among the guilty are the pro-fascist English statesmen, who, in his view, deliberately staged the whole heart-rending war scare of September last to justify a sell-out agreed upon in advance.

European culture and liberalism, according to "This Peace," have thus been struck a shattering blow. It may be that reason and truth are vanishing in Europe, retreating to the small sanctuary offered them in the hearts of those who still proclaim the primacy of the spirit and the integrity of the absolute ideal. As for the European political scene, there are a few rays of hope. In the first place, the sin of the Versailles peace treaty—if indeed it was a sin—has now been fully expiated. Germany is victor; there is no more penance to be done. Second, the crisis revealed that despite all their indoctrination, the Germans did not want war and did not approve of the dynamic foreign policy of the Nazis with its belligerent implications. Third, a European continent completely and triumphantly fascist might pass through the fire of self-destruction and give way to a United States of Europe, in which humane and rational ideals might again obtain a hearing.

These are slight hopes, mere overtones of despair. Most of Thomas Mann's readers will agree with him that the outlook is bleak. It is unfortunate, however, that Mann has chosen to base his diagnosis of Europe's ills upon a new historical postulate not yet susceptible of proof. The Munich capitulation appears to many scholars as the fruit not of the Machiavellian plotting of hypocritical statesmen, but of the vacillation of weak and perplexed leaders. Human drift and stupidity may attain heights beyond imagination, which observers are constantly tempted to ascribe to some planned motivation. If this is true, it may not yet be too late to revivify and educate leadership in the democracies, and to turn it against the new barbarism.

David H. Popper is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

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"The Mightiest Machine"

BY RALPH ROEDER

Leonardo da Vinci: "He was reserved and impersonal, solitary and aloof" . . .

THESE two books,* appearing within a few weeks of each other, are closely complementary and can best be appreciated by the light which each throws on the other. "The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci" provides us at last with the full text of those interminable scientific researches on which rests his reputation of universality. In translating and classifying them for the benefit of the English-speaking world, Mr. MacCurdy has performed a monumental service, and it is perhaps ungrateful to add that his accomplishment only emphasizes the need of yet another exertion to complete it. To the untrained reader, however, this mass of miscellaneous and fragmentary material is apt to remain as mystifying, and to retain its secret as closely as it did before publication, without the aid of expert commentary and interpretation; and it is as a contribution to such service that the volume by Madame Vallentin makes its appearance at so timely a moment.

Of recent years critics have tended more and more to explore and exalt the scientist, who was so long eclipsed by the artist, in Leonardo; and with good reason. The former always underlay and eventually outgrew and displaced the latter; and it is as a scientist, so far in advance of his age, that he most closely approaches our own, of which he undoubtedly anticipated the spirit if he did not actually foreshadow many of its fundamental discoveries. No one offers so fertile and legitimate a subject for our modern interest in revising the accepted reputations of the past, and it may seem surprising that we have had to wait so long for his reappearance.

Surprising, that is, until one examines the Notebooks. There the materials confront us in all their bleak abundance. Little over a hundred years have passed since scholars first undertook the preliminary work of assembling the scattered MSS. and deciphering the myriad notes written in that abbreviated, inverted, left-handed script which Leonardo employed both for convenience and secrecy; the work still continues under the official auspices of the Italian government; and now that the extant text has been established, the real difficulties begin to emerge. These are many and various. In the first place, this accumulation of thousands of detached notes represents, as everyone knows, the fugitive observations of a mind which invaded every field of inquiry only to desert it for another, and as a record of progress this unsifted drift of memoranda remains puzzling because the notes were made by Leonardo for his own use in view of an eventual development to which his restless intelligence never returned. Encyclopedic in scope, kaleidoscopic in effect, they have nothing in common but their incompleteness.

Important as the publication of the Notebooks is, for the purpose of the general reader who wishes to assess the reputation of Leonardo at its source, their contents are apt to prove indigestible without the aid of a technical commentary. To this task specialists have already addressed themselves; articles have appeared in professional journals on various phases of Leonardo's activities; but their findings have yet to be assembled and sifted. For, as usual, the experts disagree and fall into two factions. There are those who enthusiastically read into the notes more than they will bear and attribute to Leonardo the historic discoveries associated with Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Vesalius, Harvey, Watt, Pascal, and so many more; and there are those who candidly hesitate between recognition and conjecture and, in the end, join the general reader and edify him with the authority of their doubts. What then do we know, or think that we know?

The studies in anatomy, which cover a period of at least twenty-one years, form the most extended and complete but also the least revolutionary section of the Notebooks. It cannot be claimed that Leonardo anticipated the discovery of the circulation of the blood or even that he missed it by as narrow a margin as Servetus, Columbus, and others of the next generation who struck the scent before Harvey. The most startling statement in the Notebooks, on the other hand, will be found in the isolated observation that "the sun does not move"; but as it is nowhere developed, and hangs like a brilliant luminary in the void, it is only a guess, and the very absence of development argues against the assumption that Leonardo shattered the geocentric system of cosmography and revolutionized astronomical speculation a decade or two before Copernicus and a century before Galileo.

In the notes on geology, amid a mixture of obsolete hypothesis and sound but obvious and elementary observation, we find much of his best work. He was the first to appreciate the significance of fossil remains, and the arguments which he advanced to refute the theory of the Deluge show a masterly grasp of scientific method and clearly forecast the modern theory of the gradual submergence of the continents. In the field of physics he has left provocative leads in the analysis of heat, light, magnetism, and sound. In chemistry he seems to have been an amateur, if we are to judge by the results of his rash experiments with pigments and sizes. He botanized by way of recreation, and briefly. An accomplished geometrician, his command of that subject imparts to his style an unwonted ease and finality which make one feel that here, in a world of abstractions, he is in his own element at last. But then one turns to the section on mechanics, and in that field, which he called the paradise of mathematics, because there the law is applied and the harvest gathered, one is swept away in the inexhaustible play of an essentially practical mind, teeming with inventions of every description; and before the prolific outpouring of projects

* *THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. Arranged, rendered into English, and introduced by Edward MacCurdy. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1938. 2 *vols.* $15. *LEONARDO DA VINCI. By Antonina Vallentin. New York: The Viking Press.* 1938. $3.75.

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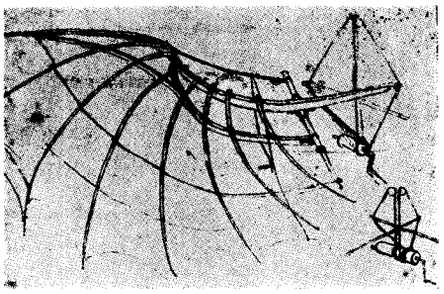
in which we recognize the Renaissance prototypes of instruments of death such as the tank, the submarine, poison gas, breech-loading cannon, and shrapnel—of a long catalogue of machine tools—cams, levers, gears, worms, ratchets, sprockets, rolling mills, draw benches, power hammers, cranes, shears, threading machines, broaches, etc.—and of lowly domestic utensils of which the alarm clock is not too mean to engage his genius nor the roasting spit too venerable to escape his improvements; before all these, one would be silenced and convinced that here at least he was secure in his achievements—if only there were evidence that the projects had ever been carried out.

Yet, though a guide may be needed to explore that crowded but cavernous museum which the Notebooks constitute, the layman should not be deterred from making a tour of them, if only to enjoy the vicarious experience of inhabiting for a time what Mr. MacCurdy calls "the mightiest machine perhaps that was ever a human brain." The sensation is exciting, and though he may emerge from the five thousand and third note bewildered and dazed, he is likely to look on the too-familiar world about him with a vision renewed and sharpened by the insatiable curiosity and penetrating insight which he has shared. And if one remembers that all this science was self-taught, that Leonardo had no formal education, and that he advanced so far by sheer persistence in his principle that "science comes by reason, not by authority," one cannot but regret that the tentative experiments and latent discoveries locked for so long in the Notebooks had to be repeated by the successors of the great pioneer. For the loss is not that of science alone; it is that of society. The dauntless independence, the challenging confidence, and the enlightened materialism which almost led Leonardo to make a cast of the soul—who knows what impetus they might have lent to human emancipation and progress, in the long conflict between reason and authority that was then beginning, had the contents of these volumes, which already contained a new conception of man and his environment, seen the light in their own day?

One closes the Notebooks, and a hum of questions rises from their thud. The most haunting is this. Why did that immense and dynamic body of thought remain abortive? Must we look for the reason in the man or in the vicissitudes of his life? Here one turns, of course, to the biographers, and the latest of them, Madame Vallentin, has produced by far the most satisfying book that I have seen. Its merits are many and various, as they must be in so exacting a study. The reader who wishes to learn exactly what Leonardo accomplished or attempted in science will find a clear and compact account of the most conspicuous of his experiments. The reader who consults it for a fresh appreciation of the artist will find a technical analysis of the pictures, which is a welcome relief from the esthetic patter that they usually inspire; and though there is a tendency to overmeticulous and mechanical method and the patness of formula in her dissection of their composition, even this is revealing, in the light of the Notebooks, for its affinity to the spirit of Leonardo himself, and offers a suggestive approach to the question of how far the scientist affected the artist. The Notebooks, with their explicit statements of Leonardo's distaste for bright and loud color and his preference for grey days or artificial dusk to study pure tone, have something to say as well with respect to the fabulous backgrounds and atmospheric enchantments of the Virgin of the Rocks or the Mona Lisa. But the greatest of Madame Vallentin's gifts is her psychological sense, and the real value of her book lies in her resuscitation of the man himself.

Of his outward life we know little and of his inner even less, for he was reserved and impersonal, solitary and aloof. The sources are meager and few—Vasari, Lomazzo, the Anonimo Fiorentino, whose Lives are legendary and unreliable; a few chance references in contemporary documents; and the Notebooks which, as



Leonardo's design for the wing of a flying machine. From "Leonardo da Vinci."

we have seen, are cryptic and uncommunicative. The test of the biographer is the use which he makes of these materials, and in this respect Madame Vallentin far surpasses her predecessors. Her book might be described as an animated, and even a dramatic, *catalogue raisonné* of all the works and projects, scientific and artistic, of the master, each of which is studied in its context, related to the circumstances, the persons, and the ideas which contributed to its birth, and connected by a running thread of narrative which feeds the development of the subject from the various sources—social, political, psychological, scientific, or esthetic—that affected his production.

The method, not unusual in itself though less popular than it used to be, produces in her hands a remarkable result, thanks to the knowledge and ingenuity, the literary skill and critical insight and intuitive flair with which she is so evidently and generously gifted. The reader who comes to it fresh from the Notebooks will appreciate the difficulties which she has had to overcome and the measure of her triumph. Passages, or single phrases, which others have passed over as trivial or blank, are made to yield, under her probing, the most unsuspected revelations, and we are startled to perceive how little, in what we do know, we understood. She breathes on the faded fragment and it begins to flush with life; she fingers and coaxes it out; she pieces it together with other fragments and fits it into a mosaic that becomes a pattern, and slowly and patiently builds up a recognizable and plausible portrait of her subject.

Imagination must of course play a part in any such reconstruction; but it is imagination legitimately used and strictly controlled by judgment and scholarship. The historical background of each period, as unobtrusive as it is accurate, is introduced only in the measure in which it is immediately relevant, and it is focused on some dominant figure, usually of one of Leonardo's patrons whom time has turned into his secular satellite. In the delineation of these subsidiary figures—Lodovico Sforza, Isabella d'Este, Cesare Borgia, Leo X, Giuliano de' Medici, François I—Madame Vallentin has shown much originality, an aversion to *clichés* and sensation, and a convincing sense of nuance. Each is sharply individualized, and from their relations to Leonardo we learn much of him. Passive though he remains, the interaction of character kindles the spark of life. Particularly happy is the chapter on Leonardo and Isabella d'Este, in which psychological flair, delectable wit, and sophisticated common sense combine to produce a little masterpiece. And in sounding the temperamental antagonism of Leonardo and Michelangelo, Madame Vallentin shows a divination so brilliant and irresistible, so profound and so right, that it is impossible to question it as merely a conjecture.

One final merit of this book remains to be mentioned: its artistic unity of effect. Madame Vallentin has organized her material about a fundamental motive of frustration, which recurs periodically with the haunting familiarity of fate; she has converted a negative factor into a positive force; we expect it, we wait for it, and when it comes we feel the shock with an ever-deepening sense of dismay and already foresee the end; and at the close of that long life of prodigal effort and dissipated energy, of desultory speculation and abortive accomplishment and relentless neglect and defeat, we accept the outcome without question as his manifest destiny. Whether there were other causes than the malign accidents of life, causes inherent in the man, who looks out at us with such grim serenity in his self-portrait, she does not attempt to say, no doubt because not even she can extract or subtilize any evidence from the record; and her silence is a warning to the reader, who now knows the rhythm of that life, to observe it and to repeat: so far and no further.

Ralph Roeder is the author of "Man of the Renaissance."

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Grandfather

BY CHRISTOPHER LAFARGE

HERE'S the first image of me, as a boy:
My nine years swelled with freedom as I ran
To see my grandfather, by a dusty road
Scaled to my inches. I ran in happy silence,
Till near the grey house he inhabited,
Silence was shattered by a strident voice
That called my name: "Hello there, Tom, you're late,
Hurry up, boy, the horses are all saddled
And you have kept me waiting." There he sat
On the stone terrace, bent and motionless
In crippled attitude.
"You, John!" he shouted,
"Bring out those animals, the boy is here.
By God, the mornings would be afternoons
If you'd your way. Hell, dammit, by the Lord,
The man's asleep!"
He slowly turned his head
And looked at me with sharp and fretful eyes.
"You tell your father that his fancy friend,
That Doctor Morrison, came here yesterday,
And wished to put me permanently in bed.
Put me in bed! By God, would he conserve
My years by bedding me? Where's your riding kit?
You don't expect to ride in cotton shorts
And shame the family by your skinny knees
And silly sneakers, do you?"
I heard the clatter
Of the led horses. "They told me you were worse
And wouldn't like to ride today," I said,
Confused and angry.
"Ha! They told you so?
Hells bells and bracelets, Tom, you'll have to watch
The world you live in if it's girt about
With nincompoops like Doctor Thingummy
And your God's-idiot father. One small pain
And he goes howling Mercy to his bed
While that soft, charitable fool his wife,
Injects the morphia for his hiccup. Hell!
Here are the horses. Will you ride or not?"
I was too young to carry one demand
Against another and more peremptory one:
So I said, "Yes, I'd love to," and my words
Were truthful.
Two men led the horses up:
My little mare, and Grandfather's great beast,
Grey Hen, a creature of near eighteen hands.
They mounted me and then they stooped to him
Who still sat bent upon the terrace edge,
And lifted him between them till they set
His crouched and crippled body in the saddle,
Where he became, as if by some enchantment,
Part of the horse he rode so firmly on.
They put his feet in stirrups, placed the reins
In his stiff-seeming and expectant hands,
While he said, "Thank you," gathered up his reins,
Cried out, "We're off, by God, we're off at last!"
Lifted his horse in three steps to a canter,
And rode, a misty, bent-backed, Centaur-thing
Along the roadway bright with burnished dust.

I caught him up beyond the sounding drums
Of battered boards that hooves made resonant
Over the short-bridged inlet. Thence we rode
In silence eastward, seeking ragged fields
Where the crushed pungence of sweet-fern could rise
In wilding air; over the ancient walls
Half tumbled in grey beauty; under trees
More wide than tall, green spreading of grey boughs
In twisted summer opulence of fat leaf.
We rode now with the echo of deep stone
In subterranean music to our tread;
Now trotting muffled over soft grey moss,
Cantering in rock-rimmed pastures to the walls
Whose lift would give us the familiar flight
Through air and heart, the triumph of descent
To tumbled hoof-beats and the steady sense
Of joy accomplished.
So we rode. His voice
Slashed at the summer with each hearty *Damn*
That jolts provoked. He used to cry, "By God!
That briar nicked me," or "Damn, hell and blast!
May the Almighty strike all woodchucks dead!
They've filled this field as full of cursèd holes
As is a blasted pepper-pot." We'd go
Awhile in silence, then his voice would rise,
Incredible in strength and carrying power,
And I'd hear splendid curses swing and crack
Across the pastures, or through exciting trees.
We followed on the course of Seldom Brook,
Up its mild valley, till suddenly we stopped
Close to the brink of Pender Spring: it lay
Deep in a close, green hollow, ringed about
With thriving maple, choked with clethra growth,
With spice-bush and witch-hazel's fine drawn lines
Of sparse and spreading green.
Grandfather made
A motion to keep quiet. So we stood,
Our horses' silence broken by the swift
And rippled sound of muffled velvet breath
Through shaken nostrils, the impatient clump
Of nervous foot on dry and dissonant ground.
The old man edged Grey Hen most gingerly
Till it was side by side with my small mare.
He whispered, "Listen!"—paused, then said again
In a low voice I had to strain to hear,
"A hermit thrush—full late—a second nesting."
And sat quite silent then, his head cocked forward,
His eyes upon the trees whose mossy roots
Wove a piled prison for the stilly spring.
I heard the thrush as it began to raise
Its yet imperfect song,
Notes sweet and long, a tentative of praise
All ended suddenly, as though unsure,
Testing the silence, and began
Once more and ran its gamut now so pure
That delicacy was robust and strong,
Its tiny flame a blaze to heal, to cure.
Grandfather spoke. "There now! You heard it, boy.
There's truth, eternal truth. Don't monkey with it!
Remember it. You're young. Recall the facts.
You heard a hermit thrush when you were nine
While riding out in June with an old man
Whose curses take the place of energy
More reasonably expressed. You hear?"
I said,
"I heard the song. I wish he'd sing again."
"There's no use wishing. It's all over, Tom.
The bird is gone."
"Where has he gone?"
"He's flown
Into your mind to hide." I laughed. He cried:
"You keep him there, young fool, you keep him there.
You just remember that he sang for you
Without his willing—sang for his brown mate,

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And all the listening trees. He sang for worms,
He sang for eggs—for life and death and love,
And normal appetites—and if you found
His song was beautiful, you've yourself to thank.
If you can keep it so, its beauty stays,
But once you start to fuss about it, son,
And add your meanings to its simplicity,
It will be gone and never will come back.
You understand?"
I could not answer him,
He said with a loud vehemence, "God Almighty!
What torture is like wisdom's final sight
Of its obliquity? Look here, look here!
You heard a thrush sing and you liked its song."
I nodded. "But the song was just a part
Of nature's program—like your breath—your hunger—
The beating of your heart. The fact is simple,
The act is clean and beautiful and fine
As long as it remains a fact of nature
And is not tortured by your mind to art,
Its clear notes pricked upon a human scale."
He searched my face with his enquiring eyes.
"You cannot understand. You are too young.
But you'll remember. And as the time returns
When this experience has grown old to you,
You'll add my words to meanings. Look, your father
Would dress the evening star in a white tie
And give it cocktails, to fit it to the scheme
Of his world-fitted life. Your blessed Ma
Would add a surplice to cover up the spots
That poor Jack-in-the-Pulpit likes to wear,
And from his nodding would see God grow great
While Jack was host to fertilizing flies.
Oh, if I could still draw as once I drew,
I'd fit your fingers for an artist's life,
And drill your spirit to an eager search
For truth, that simple, devastating line
That needs no meaning greater than itself."
He flinched and cried, "God's pestilence descend
On all mosquitoes! Let's get on!"
He turned
And trotted off; I followed in his wake
Till, as the suffocating dust he raised
Made breathing horrible, I caught him up,
And as I did so he called out to me:
"I wish we could be Moslems, Tom, see here:
Cry 'Allah!' to the fields, they'll answer you,
Fling back the simple echo, unconstrued—
Cry 'God!' and back the whipping echo comes
Across the loud presumption of your mouth.
We'll gallop." So he gave his horse her head
And on we galloped over empty fields,
His strident voice loud-shouting as he rode,
Allah il Allah to Rhode Island skies.
All rides with him I loved. This ride became
Part of the treasure of my silent youth.

"Grandfather" is a section from Mr. LaFarge's long narrative poem, "Each to the Other," to be published by Coward-McCann.

The Deepest Relations

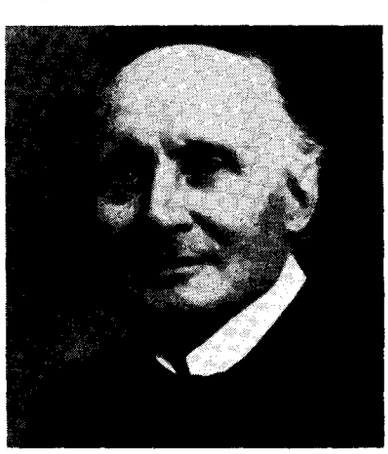
MODES OF THOUGHT. By Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN

PROFESSOR Alfred North Whitehead is a wise man and a cultivated gentleman. It is a pity his wisdom, since it plumbs radical and deep, has so often seemed to involve and to require a vocabulary that has shut him off from all but experts in philosophy and in the philosophy of Alfred North Whitehead. His "Process and Reality" is a great work, but must remain for most of even the cultivated world an esoteric doctrine. Yet its essence and its incidence need not remain so. For in this short post-retirement collection of essays, some at least of the Whitehead world view emerges moving and clear.

The best essay for the general reader to begin with is the closing one: "The Aim of Philosophy." It is only five brief pages. It is a whole volume of wisdom. Philosophy is revealed as the "resolute attempt to enlarge the understanding of the scope of application of every notion which enters into current thought." But the philosopher must not be a mere scholar, a mere critic, and commit the "Fallacy of the Perfect Dictionary." He must be "speculative" and adventurous. "The use of philosophy is to maintain an active novelty of fundamental ideas illuminating the social system." It is in a sense to be mystical, "to have direct insight into depths as yet unspoken," but also to order or rationalize that insight. It is poetry, too, for both poetry and philosophy "seek to express that ultimate good sense which we term civilization. . . . Poetry allies itself to meter, philosophy to mathematic pattern."

The reader is urged to ponder these aphorisms, for he can be assured they constitute a profound philosophy of philosophy itself. He is urged, too, to read the preceding essays if he would see some of the novel ideas with which Professor Whitehead illuminates the current — and the eternal — scene. Take, for instance, his section on "Creative Impulse." In this short and noble essay Dr. Whitehead identifies life, as over against sterility, with the "experience and sense of disclosure." Philosophy makes us more alive and determines the kind of life we lead: "as we think, we live." It becomes important, therefore, to analyze our ideas and our presuppositions, and Professor Whitehead, in the essays in this section, examines some of them: "Importance," for example. Philosophy, Whitehead tells us, should arise out of the ordinary notions of civilized social life. "Importance" is intertwined with "Perspective," and before the reader has finished reading this chapter, he will see why logic, art, and morals are important—and when they are not. And why ideals are more "important" than facts. What Dr. Whitehead has to say about "Expression" is so subtle that, itself a summary, it cannot be summarized. But it may be intimated that, for one philosopher, the soul and its "Expression" may almost be said to be one, and knowledge only possible in utterance.



Notman

Alfred North Whitehead

Though there is but slight system in these pages — almost too slight for professional comfort — there is a central theme, that of reality as activity. The key notion is that "the energetic activity considered in physics is the emotional intensity entertained in life. . . . Existence is activity emerging into the future."

This is a short book; it is a very meaty, and a curiously moving one. For, carefully pondered, it shows or suggests the deepest of relations, those of science to insight, of existence to creation, of activity to understanding. It is a noble little book, full of exhilarating wisdom for those with time to take some patient, thoughtful trouble.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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His Master's Voice

THE best books on the use of the English language are human, and often humorous, for language, as school teachers often forget, was made by and for man, and is as full of tricks and quirks as we are. The worst books on language are made by the kind of mind that wants a rule for everything. As it is easier to copy a rule or make one than to describe the subtle processes by which expression changes in the attempt to keep up with change, perfunctory books predominate.

The best recent book is C. A. Lloyd's "We Who Speak English."* The good-humored informality of Professor Lloyd's treatise makes its real erudition easy to absorb. Like the great Fowler, in his "Modern English Usage," Professor Lloyd is concerned with how competent people handle their language. English for him is not a creature of rules, but rather a set of sounds and symbols with meanings attached, which shift order or otherwise change in the service of expression. Grammar or word order is the equivalent of raising a hand or nodding a head. Grammar and rhetoric are not the rules of English, they are the muscles and tendons of speech. No better recent guide to how they work has been published in late years than Professor Lloyd's, and he deserves the thanks of all for his lists of teachers' errors recorded in books, which are not really errors at all. The only criticism of his book is that it is too short.

Even if it had been longer, Professor Lloyd would probably never have gone beyond his sensible discussions on how to use good English without pedantry. It was not his business to say why not only the choice of words, but also the rhythm of speech, changes from year to year and between country and country. Yet it is a fascinating subject.

Scholars have written much on the influence of great stylists upon the language. They will show you a generation of poets writing like Tennyson, and a half century of paragraphs echoing Macaulay's balanced rhythms. They can trace Carlyle for fifty years, Charles Lamb for a century, the English Bible for three centuries. For a while every Unitarian minister wrote like Emerson. And also every new group of writers gets hold of a collection of words, new or revived, that leap over the pages like dogs on a leash.

Yet this is not the way in which language grows. It is the way it is braked, clogged, and often sterilized. There is growth only when new voices are heard and the style of the writers picks up and develops new rhythms from living speech.

No one can doubt the fact of change in the rhythms of our speech, although the cause is not so clear. If the phonograph were old enough it would show impressive contrasts between the centuries, yet no historical record is necessary to show what is happening. Listen carefully to the difference—of which the words used are only part—between the talk of father and son—how the very shape of their sentences and the placing of their pauses are subtly different.

And, of course, for the broadest and most striking contrasts in English, get a Britisher of the southern counties talking with a Middle Western American, and, taking no part in the conversation, let the word orders and emphases, and, in general, the patterns of speech register their extraordinary differences, in the use of familiar words. The slighter but more noticeable differences in the choice and the pronunciation of words may obscure the contrast, yet it is the rhythmic difference that is most important in the forming of a style. With this accent and pronunciation have nothing to do whatsoever.

Style itself, by which we mean not beautiful style, or style expressing a personality, but a style, that is, a manner of writing, always reflects the current patterns of talk, except when it is dulled by imitation of some earlier style. It stylizes these patterns, develops their rhythms and choice of words, lifts the voices of current speech out of the colloquial so as to make them more expressive, more accurate, perhaps more eloquent, as has to be done for important occasions. When it is a good style it belongs emphatically to its own time, though it may be very readable in another. In Shakespeare's later plays, particularly in his prose, in Steele, in Hazlitt, in Mark Twain, in Don Marquis, and in Hemingway, you hear their generations talking.

One reason why we Americans in our literature were so slow in developing a style was that the pundits and literary men were listening to English voices. A magazine of the 1850's, *Putnam's* for example, or the just beginning *Atlantic Monthly,* runs page after page in an elegant, graceful English that is now felt to be so artificial, posed, and fabricated that it is hard to hold attention to the text. Lowell, for instance, or George William Curtis, or N. P. Willis, are quite as clever as the best of our intellectuals, and rather more erudite, but their writing is often as if Walter Winchell should imitate an editorial in *The New York Times.* It is not genuine, because it is not the American voice. Not until Lowell studied New England dialects for the "Biglow Papers" did he write anything that a connoisseur of style can read with real pleasure. We may write worse or better, so far as subject matter and the handling of thought are concerned, but at least the good American writers today have a style that belongs to them. Behind E. B. White and Simeon Strunsky, to choose two who can stand comparison with their predecessors, you can hear the American voice.

All this suggests that if the English departments of our colleges propose to turn out good stylists they had better revise their programs. At present, imitation of masterpieces, directly, or indirectly by absorption, is the practice nearly everywhere, varied by an increasing tendency to substitute contemporary selections for the classics of the language. It is, of course, questionable whether in this difficult business of adjusting formal writing and public speaking to the rhythms of current speech, a contemporary is of more value than a classic. To study this aspect of style in him, is, after all, to get it at second hand. And in the other aspects of good writing—articulation of ideas, use of a vocabulary, tone, color, flexibility, and force of sentences, construction of paragraphs, and all the rest of rhetoric, a dead lion of an Addison, a Macaulay, a Thoreau, or a Stevenson, may teach more than a living small dog.

But rhetoric and style must be distinguished one from the other. Rhetoric is the lesson of the ages; style is the way you and I and all the rest of us talk, made effective for large purposes.

H. S. C.

* New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50.

Industry vs. Literature

Mr. George M. Harper, professor emeritus of English Literature of Princeton University, has recently been making a plea in the *Princeton Alumni Weekly* for practical knowledge on the part of the young men who on graduation from college will have to take their place in a world of economic unrest. Mr. Harper urges the undergraduates to spend vacation periods in jobs in mine, field, or factory, holding that thus they will acquire a point of view and technique of approach that will lend them an effectiveness impossible to the inexperienced theorist. It is an interesting commentary on the importance social problems have acquired in the present day world to find a teacher of literature counseling his students to use summer holidays in studies in industrial conditions rather than in literary pursuits. We hope that Mr. Harper's advice will not result in emptying the Princeton library.

A. L.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Hurricane of 1815; Writing for the Slicks*

"The September Gale"

SIR:—Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The September Gale" probably had its original suggestion in a calamity which visited New England one hundred and twenty-three years, perhaps to a day, before the hurricane of September 21, 1938.

Wilkes Allen's History of Chelmsford, Mass., records that a destructive gale swept through New England, September 18, 1815, similar to one that visited the same region in 1635. It "upset and moved out of their places most of the small buildings. . . . A considerable proportion of the fruit and forest trees were broken down, eradicated, or prostrated to the ground. The wood blown down and destroyed in Chelmsford alone is estimated at 50,000 cords."

That the storm of 1815 followed much the same course as that of 1938 is evidenced by the fact that mention of it is made in the records of the Tilton School, Franklin, N. H. Those records give the date as September 21, the same day of the month as the 1938 hurricane. The Chelmsford history gives the date as September 18.

It does not seem unreasonable to suppose that this storm of September, 1815, suggested to Oliver Wendell Holmes the theme and some of the details of "The September Gale." Then, as this year,

> How the ponds and rivers boiled!
> They seemed like bursting craters!
> And oaks were scattered on the ground
> As if they were p'taters.

Holmes was born August 29, 1809. He was therefore a little over six years old when the 1815 hurricane broke. He was not too young to gain a vivid impression of what happened.

The poem is included in his published works in the group, "Earlier Poems, 1830-1836." It was written therefore only a few years after the memorable "September Gale" of 1815.

EDWARD SMITH PARSONS,
President Emeritus,
Marietta College.

Jaffrey, N. H.

"Rewards and Fairy Stories"

SIR:—Mr. Train omits one consideration ("Rewards and Fairy Stories," November 5th). One whole group—for posterity perhaps the most important group—of writers is by inference barred from making a decent living by their writing: the writers who do not conform. Every magazine has its unbreakable taboos. These include subjects from incest to miscegenation, from derogatory mention of any race or nationality to the slightest antagonism to popular theological concepts; above all, the taboos are economic, and forbid even discussion of the political *status quo*. In other words, no reader who might become a customer of any advertiser can have his prejudices in the least offended.

These taboos are, from the viewpoint of the publisher, rational and necessary. Nevertheless, it is a truism that the writers who mean most to literature cannot be bound by any such shackles. Undoubtedly many persons finding themselves unable to observe these restrictions in their writing are very far from great, perhaps even from good, writers; yet they too may have something to say which the present and the future should hear. By Mr. Train's own acknowledgment, they are barred from the magazines, which pay their "rewards" for "fairy stories" only.

Such writers, who cannot conform to the majority mould, have three recourses. They may cease to write altogether; they may confine themselves to the freer field of book publication, which Mr. Train and many others have shown to be no means of comfortable livelihood; or they may write for the magazines without taboos—and without advertising—which pay nothing or practically nothing. I know no cure for this condition, short of a complete social reversal of standards; but I think it is a condition which calls for a footnote to Mr. Train's article, which otherwise might dazzle some eyes of aspirants who do not yet know how closely barred are the gates to the "slick" writer's Paradise.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Cal.

"Today I start my new novel. Who's got a good idea?"

Steffens and Democracy

SIR:—John Chamberlain's editorial in your issue of November 12, 1938 may, as he says, be a tribute, a lament and a confession—if so, it must be a tribute to his erstwhile glories, a lament for his tarnished ideals, and a confession of weakening in his good right arm.

Lincoln Steffens's life, as set forth in his Autobiography, is one of the most revealing records of the twentieth century, pointing the way from a world as it is to a world as it could be—a never-failing storehouse of source material for planning a program of action to reduce all forms of special privilege to a minimum.

Steffens never carried any banner for "democracy"—his goal was the triumph of integrity. He did not give a damn under what banner the end was achieved. Why waste time over a balance or compromise of minority pressure groups which accomplish nothing more than to create a state of tension which permits no one group to dare bid for total power?

Steffens knew, and *how* he knew, that this tension is what is the matter with people! Never made for certainties? Why, no man has *ever* been more certain than Steffens was of what was at the bottom of his fellow-man's troubles, and what had to be done to correct it. He was a student of causes—a seeker after the real power behind the "front," and he dealt with effects only in passing.

Chamberlain hits it right on the nose when he says "Steffens wanted a world in which the sense of security and plenty would make for social ease and outspoken free men and women"—in that kind of a world there won't be any conflicting desires that will require the services of a broker. Tolerance and understanding will do away with coercion and exploitation.

By all means let's keep the record straight—it isn't a question of "definitions and democracy" but of ideals and integrity—and Steffens, of all men, made a sure as hell fight for them both.

R. A. SEARLE.

Tulsa, Okla.

Erratum

SIR:—Some imp of the perverse led me to speak, in my notice of Mr. Kouwenhoven's new book, as if *Harper's Weekly* had been founded in 1837 instead of 1857. My mortification over this inexplicable blunder is allayed only by the fact that it is too glaring to have misled many readers.

ALLAN NEVINS.

New York City.

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THE EDITORS RECOMMEND FOR CHRISTMAS

OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC
By P. A. Scholes. *Oxford.* $6.50. Single-volume reference book on composers, musical forms and history.
To be reviewed.

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL
By Clyde Brion Davis. *Farrar.* $2.50. About a genuine newspaper man who longed to write "The Great American Novel."
Reviewed June 4.

PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY
By Irwin Edman. *Viking.* $2.75. Ideas and personalities on an extra-curricular jaunt.
Reviewed November 5.

GRANDMA CALLED IT CARNAL
By Bertha Damon. *Simon and Schuster.* $2. A disciple of Thoreau brings up her granddaughters.
Reviewed November 5.

TO THE MARKET PLACE
By Berry Fleming. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Novel about boys and girls who stormed the Big City from the South, and what the late 20s did to them.
Reviewed October 29.

THE FIFTH COLUMN AND THE FIRST FORTY-NINE.
By Ernest Hemingway. *Scribners.* $2.75. Hemingway comes back with a play, three new stories, and some old favorites.
Reviewed October 15.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
By Carl Van Doren. *Viking.* $3.75. Unhackneyed, comprehensive portrayal of an exciting American.
Reviewed October 8.

POWER
By Bertrand Russell. *Norton.* $3. In presenting *power* as the fundamental social motive, Mr. Russell breaks a good many lances.
Reviewed October 1.

FANNY KEMBLE: A PASSIONATE VICTORIAN
By Margaret Armstrong. *Macmillan.* $3. A gifted actress from a royal family of actors who had no love for the theater.
Reviewed July 2.

A PURITAN IN BABYLON
By William Allen White. *Macmillan.* $3.50. A detailed, just, and fascinating biography of Coolidge.
Reviewed November 19.

BEHIND THE BALLOTS
By James A. Farley. *Harcourt, Brace.* $3. An authoritative account of the kingmaker technique.
Reviewed in this issue.

ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO
By Rachel Field. *Macmillan.* $2.50. The great-niece of the defendant in a famous French murder trial writes of a tragedy which had a happy ending.
Reviewed October 22.

WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME
By Margaret Halsey. *Simon and Schuster.* $2. How Miss Halsey enjoyed her trip to England.
Reviewed August 27.

UNDER THE HOG
By Patrick Carleton. *Dutton.* $2.50. An unusual historical novel presenting new light on Richard III.
Reviewed July 7.

MAN'S HOPE
By Andre Malraux. *Random House.* $2.50. What the author of "Man's Fate" has observed and felt about the war in Spain.
Reviewed November 5.

JOURNEY OF TAPIOLA
By Robert Nathan. *Knopf.* $1.75. A philosophic fantasy, involving a Yorkshire terrier and other animals.
Reviewed October 29.

IN HAZARD
By Richard Hughes. *Harpers.* $2.50. What happens to a cargo-vessel and its passengers in a hurricane.
Reviewed October 8.

LISTEN! THE WIND
By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. Anne Lindbergh's very special kind of description of the Lindberghs' trans-Atlantic flight in 1933.
Reviewed October 15.

THE GENERAL'S LADY
By Esther Forbes. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. Tory belle marries American Revolutionary general for convenience, and things happen.
Reviewed September 24.

ELIHU ROOT
By Philip C. Jessup. *Dodd, Mead.* $7.50. Presenting one of the most puzzling and important figures in recent American public life.
Reviewed November 12.

WORLD OF ACTION
By Valentine Williams. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50. A versatile journalist surveys the world since 1914—and before.
Reviewed October 29.

A SOUTHERNER DISCOVERS THE SOUTH
By Jonathan Daniels. *Macmillan.* $3. The face of America from Richmond to New Orleans—and what lies behind it.
Reviewed July 16.

SAVE AMERICA FIRST
By Jerome Frank. *Harpers.* $3.75. Diagnosis and prescription by a lawyer who has worked with the AAA and the SEC.
Reviewed June 18.

THE DOOR OF LIFE
By Enid Bagnold. *Morrow.* $2.50. The birth of a baby in a beautifully written novel.
Reviewed October 1.

THREE GUINEAS
By Virginia Woolf. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. Bringing "A Room of One's Own" up to date.
Reviewed August 27.

THE YEARLING
By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. *Scribners.* $2.50. About a boy, a fawn, and the Florida hammock country.
Reviewed April 2.

THE PROMISES MEN LIVE BY
By Harry Scherman. *Random House.* $3. Explaining the financial structure of economic society.
Reviewed March 12.

JOSEPH IN EGYPT
By Thomas Mann. *Knopf.* $5. No better introduction for those who have never read Mann, and of special interest for those who have.
Reviewed February 26.

REBECCA
By Daphne Du Maurier. *Doubleday.* $2.75. A psychological melodrama about a modern Jane Eyre.
Reviewed September 24.

THE GATEWAY TO HISTORY
By Allan Nevins. *Appleton.* $4. An introduction to the study of history by one of America's well-known historians.
Reviewed September 10.

ADVENTURES OF AMERICA
Edited by John A. Kouwenhoven. *Harpers.* $3.50. A collection of striking pictures from the old *Harper's Weekly.*
Reviewed November 26.

THE VICTORIANS AND AFTER
Edited by Bonamy Dobrée and E. C. Batho. *McBride.* $2.50. A new kind of literary history for the period 1830-1914.
To be reviewed.

THE COMPLETE GREEK DRAMA
Edited by Whitney J. Oates and Eugene O'Neill, Jr. *Random House.* $5. All the extant plays.
Reviewed July 23.

A DAY OF BATTLE
By Vincent Sheean. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50. A novel about the battle of Fontenoy, by the author of "Personal History."
Reviewed July 23.

THE FOX OF PEAPACK
By E. B. White. *Harpers.* $2. Very amusing light verse, and a few poems not so light.
Reviewed November 12.

THE NOTEBOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI
Edited by Edward MacCurdy. *Reynal & Hitchcock.* $15. The first complete English translation.
Reviewed in this issue.

LEONARDO DA VINCI
By Antonina Vallentin. *Viking.* $3.75. An important and interesting life of the Renaissance genius.
Reviewed in this issue.

WAR IN HEAVEN
By Philip Barry. *Coward-McCann.* $2.50. Questions about life and death posed by a troupe of vaudeville actors.
Reviewed November 19.

LIFE CLASS
By Ludwig Bemelmans. *Viking.* $2.50. An inside, witty job on the personnel and flavor of hotel life.
Reviewed November 12.

VARIETY, SECOND SERIES
By Paul Valéry. *Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50. Brilliant criticism which discusses not only literature but the problems of civilization.
Reviewed November 26.

THE SUMMING UP
By W. Somerset Maugham. *Doubleday, Doran.* $2.50. Not a conventional autobiography, but what this eminent author thinks about the world and books.
Reviewed March 26.

COUNT BELISARIUS
By Robert Graves. *Random House.* $3. Novel of Roman history in the style of "I, Claudius."
Reviewed November 19.

THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS, Vol. II
Edited by Worthington C. Ford. *Houghton Mifflin.* $4.50. An entirely different Henry Adams appears in this volume of his letters.
Reviewed September 10.

MEMORY AND OTHER POEMS
By Walter de la Mare. *Holt.* $2. For lovers of De la Mare and for those interested in what's happening to verse on all fronts.
To be reviewed.

THE HIDDEN LINCOLN
By Emanuel Hertz. *Viking.* $5. The letters and papers of Lincoln's law partner, Herndon, present new and important evaluations of Lincoln's career.
Reviewed February 2.

TESTAMENT
By R. C. Hutchinson. *Farrar & Rinehart.* $3. A novel about the Russian Revolution for those who like both exciting incident and psychological analysis.
Reviewed November 22.

EAST OF THE GIANTS
By George R. Stewart. *Holt.* $2.50. An author who really knows California has written a romantic-realistic, absorbing story about those who peopled the land.
Reviewed October 1.

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN
By Lancelot Hogben. *Knopf.* $5. People who "know nothing about science" can understand what has been the history of science and why.
Reviewed October 8.

THE HOUSE THAT HITLER BUILT
By Stephen H. Roberts. *Harpers.* $3. A detached and convincing addition to the evidence about the Third Reich.
Reviewed February 2.

ELIZABETHAN AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LYRICS
Lippincott. $4. An anthology of wide selection with helpful notes on background and vocabulary.
To be reviewed.

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A Supper of Larks

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"IF I had no duties, and no reference to futurity" (so runs the famous saying reported by Boswell) "I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman." To which old Mrs. Piozzi wrote in the margin: "A pretty Wench was the word."

The word, with its air of mischief, has always been tempting. Bozzy—who could resist the word better than the creature—was wary for the dignity of his great friend. We may guess that he softened the phrase on purpose. But I should like to hope that all future editions of the *Life* will carry Mrs. Piozzi's comment as a footnote.

Who is so engaging as a spirited old lady? For astringent and unterrified comment on mortal manners, for vermouth asperity, for an alkaline malice of recollection that savors ironies forgotten—or never noticed—by guileless man, pay court to some fragile and witty old madonna. It is queer to see the anxiety with which women resent the approach of that which gives them their most gracious charm. Mrs. Piozzi herself did so. Merry old chippendale, at the age of 80 she gave a rout for 600 guests and led off the dancing at 2 a.m. She had been well seasoned by all the experiences that make a woman of vintage. She had good country breeding, expert education, a marriage of fiscal convenience, the best company in the world, and then—after 13 children, of whom 10 died young—a marriage of romance. She was I think the only person who ever got the better of Doctor Johnson in an exchange of letters.

We need not expand what is well known. Johnsonianism is a branch of scholarship in itself, with a library of its own vast enough for a lifetime. Those curious about Hester Thrale Piozzi (1741-1821)—a Light-Blue Stocking as Mr. Newton has amiably called her—can look her up in his *Amenities* or in the gay little reprint of her famous *Anecdotes* edited by Mr. S. C. Roberts. The point here is that though we have long known young Hester Thrale we are now able to know old Hester Piozzi. The Limited Editions Club issued lately three handsome volumes,* edited by Edward G. Fletcher, reprinting her marginal notes and markings made in two copies of Boswell. The Limited Editions Club was able to do this by the kindness of Harvard University, which owns Mrs. Piozzi's 1816 edition (a bequest from Miss Amy Lowell), and by the equal generosity of Col. Ralph Isham who owns the 1807 edition also sprinkled with her granules of salt. The Harvard copy has about 575 written marginalia; the Isham about 450; these in addition to many hundreds of marks and exclamations. One can almost hear the old lady's stays creak with indignation.

This exploit in bibliophily is of course known to the owners of the 1500 sets to which the issue was restricted. Yet perhaps even some of these have not sat down to follow through Mrs. Piozzi's beldame quill. There is a double pleasure in so doing: that of reading a book privately marked by someone else, speculating on the character thus revealed; and that of tracing the immortal jealousy between the two closest friends of a great person. Of course when Mrs. Piozzi—retired to Bath in her second widowhood—reread these then new editions of Bozzy's volumes *(quorum pars magna fuit)* her sway there was none to dispute. Bozzy had died years before, so had most others who had known the great Doctor. We may imagine her, sitting in her lodging at Bath, wearing that delightful mob-cap, and spending her forenoons checking over the book she so loved and infuriated. The maids must have wondered what were those books she consulted so viciously. Surely she intended her notes to be preserved, for she copied many of them from the 1807 edition into the subsequent set which she was reading as late as 1820. I wish we had—maybe from some draughtsman-lover of the 18th century such as Mr. Walter Jack Duncan—a drawing of her sitting with ink and indignation contradicting Bozzy. The bright old eyes—blue as the stockings—are sharp with certainty.

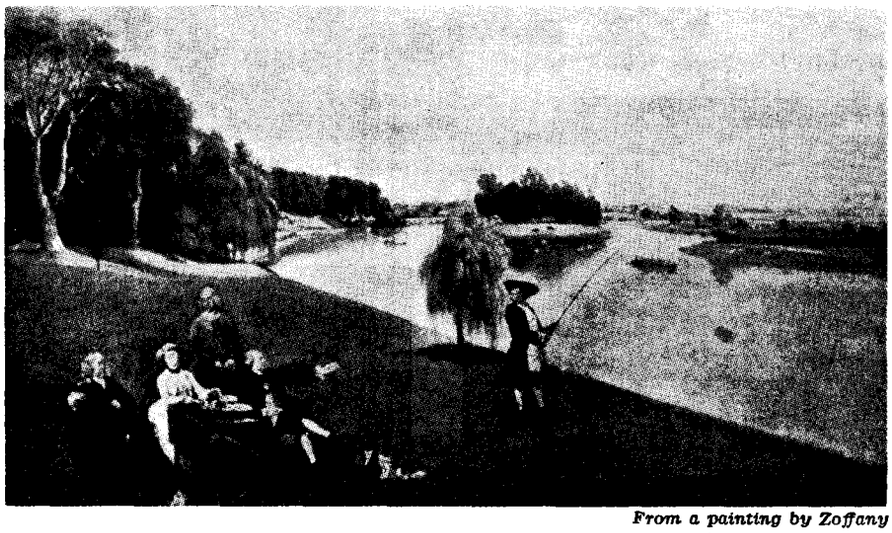
Mr. Newton has described Mrs. Piozzi as the kind of woman one would wish to sit next to at dinner. In this annotated edition one seems to do just that. We happen to have with us our own copy of the *Life;* perhaps with our favorite passages marked. She looks it over with us. "Comical!!" she exclaims at something she likes. Or "curious!" or "How true," and "Oh charming." She finds plenty to protest. "How miserably do all these Wits and Scholars shew in such a Concave Mirror." More than once she cries (how modern it sounds): "What a man Boswell is! To whom Friend and Foe are alike Entertaining, and who delights in the Ridicule as in the Applause." We say perhaps that he was a Grand Inquisitor. She replies "Curiosity carried Boswell further than it ever carried any Mortal breathing. He cared not what he provoked so as he saw what such a one would say or do." In our simplicity we venture that Bozzy was pious: he went to church with the Doctor twice in one day. "Phoh," she cries: "He did it merely to see how Johnson behaved."

So we turn over the book together. I can think of only one way to suggest the vivacity of her remarks: that is to put a few, with the passage in Boswell that called them out, as though the two were in continuous conversation.

So perhaps it is Bozzy who is next her at dinner, in some celestial Streatham; after a "supper of larks" such as caused her such indignation when Bozzy quoted it. "Mrs. Thrale, while supping very heartily upon larks, exclaimed 'Oh, my dear Johnson, do you know what has happened?'" Her marginal note to this runs: "I never address'd him so familiarly *in my Life.* I never did eat any Supper—and there were no Larks to eat. Nor was ever a *hot dish* seen on the Table after Dinner at Streatham Park."

That may warn you that a good deal of Mrs. Piozzi's conversation comes somewhere in the Touchstone scale between the Reproof Valiant and the Counter-

(*Continued on page* 26)



From a painting by Zoffany

Mr. and Mrs. Thrale entertaining Dr. Johnson to tea at Richmond.

* *LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By James Boswell. Edited by Edward G. Fletcher. With marginal comments by Mrs. Piozzi, and markings from two copies annotated by Mrs. Thrale. New York: Limited Editions Club.* 1938.

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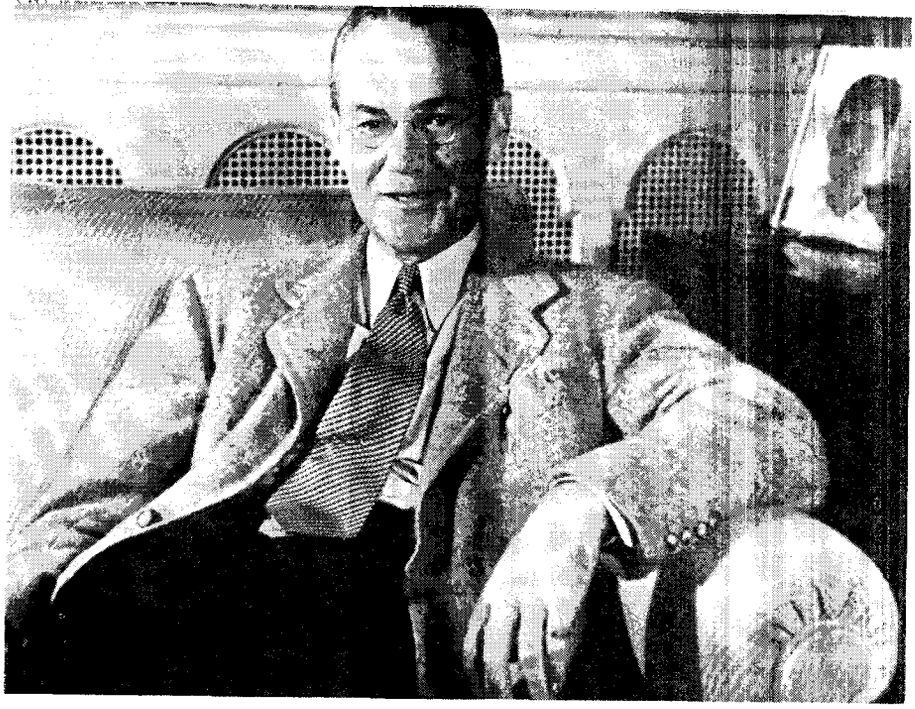

Playwright into novelist: Philip Barry (above), known to theater-goers for "Holiday," "Paris Bound," and other Broadway successes, has written a novel of off-stage theatrical life in "War in Heaven." The dramatic version, titled "Here Come the Clowns," opens in New York December 7. . . . Pearl Buck (right) sailed last week for Sweden to receive the Nobel Prize. Her next novel, "The Patriot," is coming in February.

From the bayou country, Gwen Bristow (above), author of "The Handsome Road," visits New York, answers her mail. . . . Bertha Damon (below), whose Grandma called most things carnal, makes friends with Central Park pigeons.

Journalist's wife in America: Lilian Mowrer (above) now on a lecture tour. (Below) Haringay Promise (Tapiola for short), Blanche Knopf's Yorkshire terrier; on next page, his biographer, Robert Nathan.

Frank Case (above) tells the story of his hotel in "Tales of a Wayward Inn." . . . (Below) H. V. Kaltenborn, author of "I Broadcast the Crisis." *(News pictures of the month by Robert Disraeli.)*

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René Balbenoit (above), who wrote of his escape from French Guiana in "Dry Guillotine," and whose deportation from the United States, scheduled for December 15, has been widely protested. . . . (Below) Walter Pach, author of "Queer Thing, Painting," works on a portrait in his New York studio.

Literary Prospecting

(*Continued from page* 4)

of numbers, the European list assays high both in literary importance and sales. It was not Mr. Doran's "merchant of quality" who brought these books to America, either. Two publishers, both fundamentally editors, were among the first to understand the new interest in European literature which grew out of the war—Ben Huebsch and Alfred A. Knopf.

Literary prize contests add a few titles each year to the gross of our books. The publishing houses which conduct the most important contests are Harpers, Farrar & Rinehart, Little, Brown & Co. (with the Atlantic Press), Dodd, Mead (with *Redbook Magazine*), and Houghton Mifflin. Prize contests almost always yield one or more publishable books in addition to the prize-winner, but even allowing for these and for the subsequent books from authors secured as a result of contests, the number of titles resulting directly or indirectly from them will certainly average less than one book a year over our group of sixty publishers.

The final way in which an editor can find ready-made books to round out his list is not so important as the amount of gossip devoted to it would suggest. This is the practice of "raiding"—cozening away some other house's author and capturing him for your own list. Obviously the process does not add to the total number of books available for publication. Its major function is to keep editors warm under their collars during the long winter evenings, and give them a conversational stand-by.

Raiding has, of course, occurred. No smoke without some fire. I do not see how Mr. Hearst's now defunct Cosmopolitan Book Corporation could have been manned by so many best-selling authors from its very inception without a certain amount of temptation, probably financial, to the novelists involved. It is also, I suspect, true that the larger houses are seldom altogether averse to plucking a few jewels from the crowns of their less sizable competitors.

But most cases in which an author leaves one house to go to another are not raids. They are more like divorces, and their causes are somewhat similar too. Internal friction rather than external seduction is the most frequent factor. Unfortunately, whenever an author changes his connection there is lunch-table and cocktail-party scandal about it. The truth is apt to be less exciting. The author, or perhaps his agent, feels that his present house is not doing right by him. He ought to have sold 80,000 instead of 8,000 on that last book. Since publishing is not yet as authoritarian as professional baseball, the discontented scrivener is free to change his affiliation.

Most editors feel that raiding is a good deal of a rarity, and that it is becoming increasingly more so. They point out that the publishing shop talk which followed such episodes as Thomas Wolfe's transfer from the Scribner to the Harper list, shortly before his death, was uninformed. There is almost always a legitimate reason behind such transfers. And they are apt to even up among publishers, in any event. On the average, each house is likely to gain an author for every one lost. This was patly illustrated a few years ago, when Ellen Glasgow left Doubleday, Doran for Harcourt, Brace, and Sinclair Lewis simultaneously left Harcourt for Doubleday.

Of course, all editors believe it is ethical to consider taking on an author who has been published elsewhere if the suggestion comes from him or his agent. Sometimes it is quite a trick to make the suggestion come first from him. . . .

All these sources of books combined will not add up to the requisite seventy titles for our average publishing house. Its editors can expect to supplement their lists with a varying number of books about which they happen to hear, either through friends, salesmen's reports, or the good offices of writers already on their list. This last source is often a fruitful one. Beginning writers consult the more established authors for advice about publishers, and the authors, if they have been properly brought up, recommend their own publishers. Naturally, not every script which comes along in this way is publishable, but a good many are. Birds of a feather still flock together.

A good many of the non-fiction books written by college professors are secured as a result of reports from the firm's textbook salesmen. Other departments in the larger houses occasionally yield a "trade" or general book. "The Horse and Buggy Doctor" was originally planned by the author as a book for his friends and former pupils. It was to be brought out, in a friendly and quiet way, by Harper's medical book department. When the manuscript began to come in, it was apparent that here was a book which deserved a wider public. And it got it, though not to the tune of any wild hosannahs from Dr. Hertzler. When he heard from his publishers that his reminiscences had been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club, he wrote that he guessed it was all right if it made them happy!

However, both the tips of friends and the reports of salesmen and other members of the firm are far more likely to point to *possible* books than to existing manuscripts. Dana Lamb, whose amazing voyage with his wife along the coast of Baja California and Mexico proper was pointed out to Harpers by the firm's west coast representative, obviously had a story to tell. Harpers secured a collaborator for him and ultimately got "Enchanted Vagabonds."

At least two members of the staff at

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Letters of Henry Adams

Edited by WORTHINGTON C. FORD

FOR those who would like to follow a profound and skeptical mind as it moved across the American scene from 1892 to 1918. The *New York Times* calls this "the most interesting body of correspondence yet penned by an American." $4.50

The Garden Dictionary

Edited by NORMAN TAYLOR

FOR your gardening friends. The most complete single volume encyclopaedia of horticulture. 896 pages. 500 illustrations (20 in full color).54 maps. Feature articles on every phase of gardening. Published at $16.25. New edition, $7.50

Old Haven

by DAVID CORNEL DE JONG

FOR lovers of good solid satisfying fiction. The *Saturday Review* says of this story of life in contemporary Holland, "This extraordinary novel makes most current fiction thin and pale in comparison. Without any qualification, the ablest prize novel published this year." $2.50

Wisdom's Gate

by MARGARET AYER BARNES

FOR everyone who wants to read a dramatic story of Chicago and its young society matrons, by the author of "Years of Grace" (Pulitzer Prize winner). Has a faster pace, more exciting incidents and an even greater sense of reality than any of Mrs. Barnes's previous novels. $2.50

A History of Mexico

by HENRY B. PARKES

FOR your friends who cultivate their minds and would like a fine, factual and dramatic history of one of the world's most fascinating countries. "Earlier histories are as dead wood beside this." — *Boston Transcript.* $3.75

Pursuit of Happiness

by HERBERT AGAR

FOR those who like politics with a sparkle we recommend this brilliant study of American democracy, by the author of "The People's Choice." "Pleasanter, more lucid prose has not been produced by an American since Henry Adams." *Gerald W. Johnson.* $3.00

Behold our Land

by RUSSELL LORD

FOR those interested in a new way of looking at our country, we recommend this authoritative study of American soil. "Mr. Lord's version of the greatest and most important story of our times is absorbing reading."—*Hervey Allen.* $3.00

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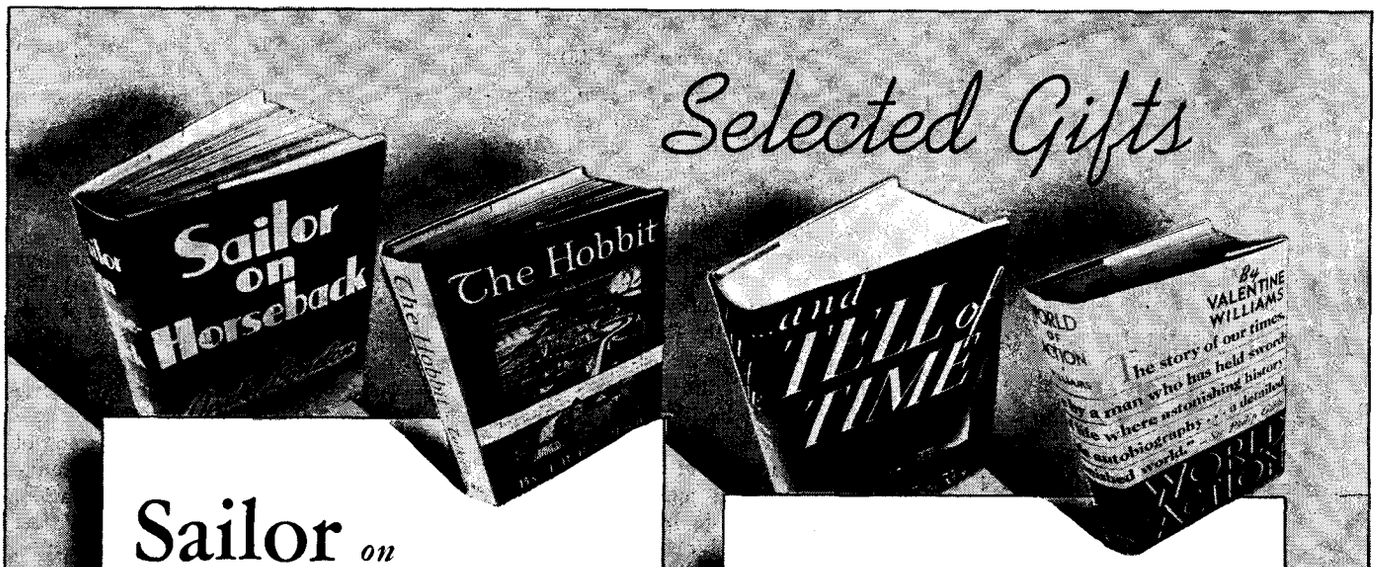
Selected Gifts



Sailor *on* Horseback

by IRVING STONE

FOR everyone who likes romantic biography. *The Chicago News* called this life of Jack London, "the most readable biography of the season. It fairly sizzles with life." $3.00

The Hobbit

by J. R. R. TOLKIEN

FOR anyone of six to sixty (but preferably under twelve), who would enjoy "one of the most fresh, original and delightfully imaginative books for children that has appeared in many a long day. Magnificent adventure, packed with valuable hints for the dragon killer."—(*New York Times*). $2.50

and Tell *of* Time

by LAURA KREY

FOR the man or woman who wants "a magical picture" of America in the making. "This is more than a story, it is an experience. The characters live and something greater than themselves lives in them." $2.75

World *of* Action

by VALENTINE WILLIAMS

FOR all those who would enjoy "the story of our times told with inside knowledge and a touch of philosophy, by a man who has held sword and pen in the front lines of life where astonishing history has happened." — (*Sir Philip Gibbs*). $3.75

Yankee Whaler

by CLIFFORD W. ASHLEY

FOR all who like deep sea adventure. "Incomparable in interest, scope, and artistry." — *Yachting*. This classic book originally published at $20. Is now re-issued with 150 illustrations (17 in color) for $5.00.

The Rolling World

by RICHARD HALLET

FOR those who like to see the pageant of the rolling earth unroll from the pen of a man who has sought adventure in far lands and always found it. "A rich and satisfying book of reminiscences, as absorbing reading as the year is likely to turn up." — *Bernard deVoto*. $3.00

Youth *and* I

by EUGENIA BROOKS FROTHINGHAM

FOR those who would enjoy a quiet, charming autobiography by a Boston novelist which magically evokes the atmosphere of the years before the war. $2.50

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—NEW YORK TIMES

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— CLEVELAND PRESS

The account of scientific discoveries in caves and caverns by an intrepid explorer, here is a book of true adventure that reads like the Arabian Nights. "It's fascinating!"
— N. Y. *Times.*

Norbert Casteret's

TEN YEARS UNDER THE EARTH

Illustrated with photos. $3.

"A phenomenon unmatched in American journalism."

THE LIFE OF O. O. McIntyre

By Charles B. Driscoll

"Immensely readable . . . a warm-hearted, friendly book." — *San Francisco Chronicle.* "Spiced with names and anecdotes." — *N. Y. World Telegram.* Third Printing. Illustrated. $2.50

THE GREYSTONE PRESS

Literary Prospecting

(*Continued from page* 15)

Macmillan's were aware for years beforehand that Margaret Mitchell was writing a book. Through the company's Atlanta office they kept in close touch with her. "Gone with the Wind" was undoubtedly on the Macmillan editorial list of possible books for a long time before the much-publicized episode in which the author surrendered her bulky manuscript to a visiting officer of the firm.

It is just here, in the cases of potential books, that the editor begins to play a decisive role. If he likes a suggestion or an idea, he will go after the book, even though not a word of it may have been written. Not long ago James Truslow Adams remarked to his publishers that in the course of his historical research he had noticed the absence of any good book dealing with the effect of inventions upon American history. The idea appealed to the editors at Scribners, and they put it up to Roger Burlingame, who was also on their authors' list. "The March of the Iron Men" was the result.

All editors are emphatic in feeling that many of their best books arise out of personal contacts and conversations. Irwin Edman's "Philosopher's Holiday" is a case in point. For years the author of "Four Ways of Philosophy" has been known to his friends as a notable raconteur, and it occurred to one of them, Ben Huebsch, that these anecdotes were works of art and constituted an original sort of autobiography. He proposed a book, and after pleading with Dr. Edman, got him to agree to try. When "Philosopher's Holiday" was finished the author inscribed one of the first copies to his editor, with the remark "from the book's uncle to its father."

Shortly after Ruth and Helen Hoffman returned from their trip to Iraq, they were asked by an editor in a large New York house to write a book on the general topic of the place of women in Persia. They were mulling this over in their unique minds when they happened to have lunch with Virginia Carrick, and discussed the problem with her. She pointed out that they did not have enough authoritative information about the position of women in Persian society, and besides, they could do a much better book about their own experiences. With a sigh of relief they admitted she was right. "We Married an Englishman" came along on the Carrick & Evans list in due course and added something to the sum total of American gaiety, even if it left the women of Iraq in the same sociological obscurity they occupied before.

Editors, indeed, are on the constant qui vive for people who can produce interesting books, and they spend a lot of time urging such people to write once they have found them. Dr. Victor Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey" was the product of such persistence on the part of W. W. Norton. "Dry Guillotine" appeared on the Dutton list because John Macrae, Jr., had noticed the newspaper accounts of René Balbenoit's escape from the French Guiana penal colony and promptly telegraphed an offer for a book. The same firm is about to publish an autobiography by Douglas Corrigan which was secured in a similar manner.

In these cases it was the man or woman, and his story, that fired the editor's imagination, so that books of this class are most often autobiographies. But not necessarily. The anniversary of the birth or death of some great historic figure generally evokes a group of new biographies and critical studies, some of them the result of an editorial determination to get a book for the occasion. Editors are also constantly on the alert for topics which will make book themes. When they read magazines, newspapers, even other books, they do so with an eye to possible future volumes. The case of Professor J. B. Rhine and the Duke University experiments in extra-sensory perception illustrate the unanimity with which potential books are recognized. Two articles about the Duke discoveries were written by Professor Wright of Columbia and published in *Harper's Magazine* in the fall of 1936. They precipitated an editorial gold-rush; at least four large publishing houses went after a book by Dr. Rhine or about his work. Interestingly enough, it was not Harpers who finally landed it but Farrar & Rinehart. Two members of the editorial staff there had been interested in parapsychology for some time previously. The ultimate volume, "New Frontiers of the Mind," was not only a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, but one of the most exciting and controversial books of 1937.

The spate of newspaper correspondents' books which followed the appearance of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" resulted as much from editorial determination to find similar books as from the correspondents' desire to go and do likewise. Harpers contracted with John Gunther for his "Inside Europe" on the basis of his press dispatches in the Chicago *Daily News.* Webb Miller's "I Found No Peace" grew out of the personal acquaintance of the editors at Simon & Schuster with the author. Undoubtedly similar stories lie behind many of the doctors' books which are such a staple article in bookstores today.

Although the editorial search for possible books is most conspicuous in the field of non-fiction, it is also lively in fiction. A very large fraction of the first novels published—I am inclined to believe more than half of them—are down on some publisher's list as "possibles" before they are completed. Sometimes even before they are written. En route to Florida Richard Simon came on a piece in the *New Yorker* by Jerome Weidman. He remembered that some time before

(*Continued on page* 22)

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THE BOOK BUYER

The above illustration is from "Wild Lone" by "BB" and was drawn by the accomplished English artist, Denys Watkins-Pitchford. It is only one of many graphic accompaniments to a story of intense loveliness. One can forget while reading this life of a Pytchley fox the foibles and inhumanity of that higher animal, *homo sapiens*. This story had a great run in England, so we brought it out in an American edition. If any of your discriminating friends liked "Bambi" they will read "Wild Lone" with equal enjoyment, and treasure it for years, for it is a distinctive volume, and one which may be overlooked unless your attention is called to it. You may be a bit wild lone yourself, may feel a shivering sensation as the ghostly wild geese fly suddenly over your head.

Caprichos

One of the easiest ways to solve your Yuletide book problem is to buy a copy of "Goya" by Charles Poore, for you can give it, without the slightest fear of its being unappreciated, to *any* of your friends. Not only was Goya a great artist, he was the complete Spaniard, even to such necessary details as knowledge of bull fighting, a way with the women, and a talent for playing the guitar. To know Goya is to know Spain. Charles Poore is one of the editors of the *New York Times Book Review*, and he has writtten some splendid reviews, but none were any better than those accorded to his "Goya" by his fellow critics. They praise particularly his ability to say so much about a man of Goya's stature in the space of one compact volume. It seems as though each sentence required a month's thought, and that it had a life's story packed into it. No one who had not visited Spain and retraced every step that Goya took as he sang, painted, and made love from city to city, could have written this very competent and satisfying book. Mr. Poore explodes some of the legends about Goya's celebrated love escapades, but the charm of the Duchess of Alba finally overcomes the author even as it must have overcome Goya. Any literate Spaniard will still tell you that the famous Goya painting, "The Maja Naked" is none other than the Duchess, so eternal is the legend surrounding her.

For Rent A Castle in Spain

Ernest Hemingway would have found in Goya a kindred soul. He once wrote a description of Goya—you will find it in his "Death In The Afternoon"—Charles Poore quotes from it, and this thumbnail sketch is as perfect as anything Goya himself ever painted. The disasters of war, which Goya sketched, are noted for their realism. He went on the battlefield and painted the soldiers where they lay, grim caricatures of what once were singing, shouting, gallant men. "The Fifth Column," Hemingway's play which is based on his experiences in Madrid during the recent bombardment, has the same unadorned realism, the same fidelity to what men and women actually say and do instead of what some imaginative author would like to have them say and do, and that is the faculty which distinguishes Hemingway's books from his contemporaries and which makes him the most powerful American writer. "The Fifth Column" would turn Broadway on its head if some producer lifted the curtain on it, but it reads so well that you do not miss the emotional impact of the spoken word. Hemingway has always loved Madrid, and has written some of his best stories there, as he himself confesses in the Foreword to "The Fifth Column," which, by the way is only one half of the book's title, "The First Forty-Nine Stories" being the other.

The Warehouse Serenade

"The Memoirs of Paderewski" are human and inspiring. His great hardships brought out his character. When we look at the program of his first New York concert, Nov. 17, 1891, we realize what a long career he has had. That concert was a nightmare to him, and he was not given sufficient time to practice for the second appearance.

He says of this: "When I was told that the rehearsal for my next concert was to take place directly after my first one, I was really overcome. I was frightfully exhausted from the first, and knew that I must be up and ready in the morning for the colossal task of an orchestral rehearsal. I found that I could not practice in the Hotel Windsor, because it was full of very old people, residents, who could not tolerate music at night, the only time I could work. So I went to 14th Street, to the piano warehouse of the Steinways . . . I remember when I appeared at the door, how startled the night watchman looked, and I must have presented a strange appearance. The watchman, however, opened the room where the pianos were stored, and there, in that cold and gloomy loft, I began my practising. There were no lights except the two candles upon the piano. It must have been a strange sight as I think back upon it—the empty room, with two fluttering candles and the two men, the night watchman and my secretary, each snoring loudly in his corner as I worked on until morning."

(*Advertisement*)

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Prepared Monthly by Charles Scribner's Sons

America Now

"America Now. An Inquiry Into Civilization in the United States," by 36 Americans, edited by Harold E. Stearns, is a symposium that will appeal to any intelligent person desiring a creative understanding of America's present problems. The thirty-six contributors have gone into every phase of American life from their particular point of view. Dr. Logan Clendening writes a chapter on medicine, Deems Taylor one on music, John Chamberlain a chapter on literature, Christian Gauss one on education, etc. This is an important book from any angle you view it.

This is not a Christmas tree with laundry-bags hanging on it in lieu of the more conventional stockings, but it is a

sausage tree (a dog's idea of heaven) and it may be seen any day of the year on a road near Coconut Grove, Florida. David Fairchild obtained the seed for it when he was in Cairo, Egypt, and it has been attracting attention for thirty years. A tourist never passes under it without stopping to gasp and ask questions, and the man who owns it makes a good living showing it off. The sausage tree, *Kigelia pinnata,* if you are scientific, is only one of the thousands of amazing plants collected by Dr. David Fairchild on his many trips around the world as official representative of the United States Department of Agriculture. He tells about his extraordinary life's work in his autobiography, "The World Was My Garden."

David Fairchild met more interesting people, more genuine human beings, than almost any man we can think of, and to read his autobiography is to restore your faith in humanity. The world is so beautiful to eyes that probe the mysteries of nature that it seems incredible that men should think more often of Armageddon than of Eden. "The World Was My Garden" for many people will be the Number One book of the year. Dr. Fairchild is a noted photographer, and his book is filled with unusual pictures.

(Advertisement)

Christmas Suggestions

If father or grandfather scoff at the new books, they will be a pushover for "Mr. Dooley at His Best," by Finley Peter Dunne. This selection of the best of Mr. Dooley will bring back to them (to you, too, if you ever had the pleasure of meeting the sage of Archy Road) the humor that cracked more serious faces in its day than any series of stories ever perpetrated. If you want to borrow money from the *old man* give him a copy of the Limited Edition of "Mr. Dooley at His Best," containing a hand-written page from one of Mr. Dunne's original manuscripts. Dr. Elmer Ellis selected the stories, and Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.) wrote the Introduction.

"Building the British Empire," *by* James Truslow Adams was written before the Munich pact, but it is the final answer to all who think that the British Empire is senescent. James Truslow Adams has revealed the mind and soul of the people who have dominion over a quarter of the globe, and the traditions that built this empire are just as strong today as they ever were. If there is a more thrilling story outside of fiction than the story of the English race we have yet to read it, and James Truslow Adams is the perfect narrator, doing for English history what he has done for American history.

The best book bargain of 1938 is the recently completed six volume set of Winston S. Churchill's monumental (there is no other word for it) "Marlborough: His Life and Times," and we challenge you to find a reviewer, historian, or librarian who does not say so, and with emphasis.

We cannot help but feel that ten years from now when many current best-sellers are forgotten "The Yearling" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings will be required reading in every course in American literature. Its permanency can be predicted with no misgivings. If the latest census figures are accurate there must be a few fortunate individuals, both young and old, who are still looking forward to the pleasure of a first reading of this novel. Happy people.

"March of the Iron Men," *by* Roger Burlingame, which is a social history of union through invention, will be worn out in libraries before some readers get wise to the fact that it can be *read* as well as *consulted.* We are rather glib about the Machine Age but how many of us know anything about the history of those machines and what they stand for in our daily life?

The Fox Sisters

The two girls above are the Fox sisters, who lived near Rochester, New York, and who were responsible for a wave of spiritism which swept the country in 1848. Mysterious rappings were heard in their room, and they finally became friendly with the ghostly knocker and carried on conversations by means of rappings. Even the neighbors came in to listen, and the girls went on tour. Wherever they went the spirit tagged along, and the knockings confused and dumbfounded the learned, college professors, ministers, and experts of all kinds tried to solve the mystery without success. The so-called Rochester Rappings were even discussed in Europe. When they were elderly women the Fox sisters confessed that the rappings were faked. How were they produced? You'll find the answer in John Mulholland's "Beware Familiar Spirits."

"Beware Familiar Spirits" is not *ghost written,* but ghosts hover about it. Mulholland exposes a number of celebrated hoaxes, the tricks of mediums, etc., but now and then he frankly confesses that some weird experiences related to him by his friends cannot be laughed off. This is one book that will keep you up the night before Christmas if you are giving it to someone, and the night after Christmas if someone gives it to you.

"This Was a Poet," by George F. Whicher, is the best biography of Emily Dickinson. Mark Van Doren says it is one of the best biographies of any poet.

"BB." *Wild Lone.*	$3.00
Poore. *Goya.*	$3.50
Hemingway. *The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories.*	$2.75
Paderewski. *Memoirs.*	$3.75
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These books may be purchased at all bookstores

If there is no bookstore in your community you may address your order direct to Charles Scribner's Sons, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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The Amen Corner

"Hark, how the banging marrow bones
Make clanging cleavers ring."
(Bonnell Thornton, 1763)

6. MARROW-BONES AND CLEAVERS (at left). Celebration of the wedding of Hogarth's 'Industrious Apprentice'

Marrow-Bones and Cleavers, we have just learned, were "the traditional music of the butchers of England and Scotland. It is still occasionally heard at London weddings of members of the fraternity—or was until very recently." This fact—and our illustration, one of 1112 half-tones, line-cuts and facsimiles taken from portraits, photographs, and contemporary pictures, plus a frontispiece in full colour—we found in the newly published *Oxford Companion to Music* by Percy A. Scholes.[1]

We can't begin to tell you everything to be found in this marvelous one-volume encyclopaedia of music. The Oxonian is never separated from *The Oxford Companion to English Literature*[2] and *The Oxford Companion to Classical Literature*[3] (both by Sir Paul Harvey). *The Oxford Companion to Music* is self-indexed, of course, and cross-referenced, but there is also a Reader's Synopsis "showing how, in addition to the use of the volume as a book of reference, the dispersed articles upon various branches of the subject may, if desired, be read as a series of concise comprehensive surveys of the different aspects of the art." And there is a Pronouncing Glossary, from *Aare* to *Zymbalum*.

Mr. Scholes is the author of too many books too well-known to mention. The last one was *The Puritans and Music in England and New England*.[4]

On the same day as the new "Companion," the Oxford University Press[5] published a little book which the Oxonian proposes to adopt this year as a kind of super-super Christmas card for musical friends—*Music on Records*,[6] by B. H. Haggin, author of *A Book of the Symphony*.[7] *Music on Records* is a guide both to music and to recordings. It tells you whether the music is good or bad (in Mr. Haggin's very expert opinion), and whether the recording is good or bad. There is a section on swing music, and appendices giving suggestions for building a record library, for choice of needles, and for care of records.

Yours for a musical Christmas!

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $6.50. (2) $5.00. (3) $3.00. (4) $7.50. (5) 114 Fifth Avenue. (6) $1.25. (7) $5.00.

Literary Prospecting

(*Continued from page* 18)

an agent had submitted a book by the same writer which had been rejected. But so vivid and excellent did Mr. Weidman's piece appear to Mr. Simon that he promptly telegraphed his partner, Max Schuster, to get hold of the young man. "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" was the ensuing book.

Editors watch the large circulation magazines for lighter novels in particular. Although the rental library market for entertainment fiction is not what it once was, it is still important, particularly to large houses which have omnibus lists. In fact, editors look for books wherever they look.

An increasing number of books, again particularly non-fiction, do not spring from any external source at all, not even a poem or a news dispatch. They are the parthenogenetic offspring of the editor's mind. He conceives the idea personally, finds the man to write it into a book, edits the manuscript when it comes in, and is in many respects the actual originator of the finished product. This practice is a growing one in all modern publishing houses, but it is particularly associated with the firm of Simon & Schuster, a house which owes the greater part of its success to just this kind of editorial imagination. One instance out of several that might be told was the publication of "The Bible Designed to Be Read as Living Literature"—the "Simon and Schuster Bible," as it has been called. In one way it is literally that, for the idea was Max Schuster's. He had, indeed, studied the project for many years and done a good deal of research for it. Meantime, S & S had published Ernest Sutherland Bates's "Friend of Jesus" and had called him in more than once as editorial consultant. Under his editorship the project was completed.

Margaret Halsey was at one time a manuscript reader for the Inner Sanctum, and when she went to England after her marriage she continued to write pungent reports to the firm, this time on the manners and *mores* of the English, whom she found quaint. Richard Simon chuckled over these letters and urged her to keep a diary. When she returned to America with it, she signed a contract for a book which eventually appeared as "With Malice toward Some."

The house of W. W. Norton & Co. also owes a great portion of its list to the ideas of its editor-in-chief. Mr. Norton believes that the increased emphasis on editorial contributions to publishing is owing in part to a rise in the public standard of reading matter. He points out that fifteen years ago the success of such a book as "Mathematics for the Million" would have been highly problematical. The idea for a book of this sort, incidentally, was a personal enthusiasm and he spent much time asking one or another distinguished scientist to write it for him. In the course of his campaign to find a writer for the book, he heard that Lancelot Hogben, in England, was engaged on just such a volume. That was a stroke of luck which doesn't happen often.

In the case of an editorially originated book, the basic problem is almost invariably to find the right man to do the job. Often an idea will wait years before the proper man to turn it into a book appears. But most editors believe that it is becoming constantly easier to persuade authoritative men to write books for the general public, in spite of a persistent academic prejudice which makes many professors wary of agreeing to produce popularly-written books.

So far as the public is concerned, the tendency to initiate books editorially seems to me to have worked out fairly well. True, editors seldom think up great books—but the same criticism might be leveled at the authors themselves. The highly topical books ordered as a result of an editorial hunch are apt to be disappointing. But my experience suggests that they are no worse than the topical books written on the author's own initiative. As for the stodgy compendia of unimportant information, the dreary symposia with no distinction once you pass the authors' names on the title page, the endless "how to" books, and those hopelessly hardy perennials, the "selfy helpy" books, a good many of them have had their starts in editorial sancta. But others have not. In either case the bulk of them represent mistakes in editorial judgment—and an editor who is right all the time is a miracle worker.

The case for the editorial origination of books seems to me founded on the fact that today, as always, good books are scarce. As I hope this article has suggested, editors have managed to call into being valuable, informative, interesting books which would not otherwise have been written. And any practice which tends to increase the total amount of sound reading is what the authors of "1066 and All That" used to call a "Good Thing." For better or worse, it appears to be a development in the world of books which is here to stay. Mr. Doran's "merchants of quality" are coming to rely increasingly on their editorial staffs. The development is gradual and not yet evident in every firm, but it is unquestionably a broad fact. It is not one that can be understood merely in terms of the increased and unremitting pressure to find books to publish; it is part of a broader tendency toward greater editorial influence on publishing as a business and books and their writing as forms of entertainment and art.

Mr. Sloane writes out of several years' experience in editorial departments of publishing houses. He is now on the staff of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and is the author of a novel, "To Walk the Night."

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A Supper of Larks

(*Continued from page* 13)

check Quarrelsome. If the argument seems to skip about a bit, that is because we are eavesdropping at random on the debate of a lifetime. But these are Boswell's own words, and hers in retort:—

Boswell—I have one of your original letters to him. It exhibits the easy vivacity of your literary intercourse.

Piozzi—For this Letter you gave a Bribe to the Blackamoore of half a Crown and then made a Bustle as if you had got a great Prize. It is a complete Nothing.

Boswell—Johnson observed that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man,* than from even a well-dressed *woman.*

Piozzi—The Man has more Money in his Pocket, and *his* Money is *his own.* The Woman is commonly responsible for her Expences to a Father, a Brother or a Husband. She must give in her Account on Monday Mornings.

Boswell—In all the writings of Johnson, there is not a single passage that ever drew a tear.

Piozzi—Perfectly true. The End of his Preface to the Dictionary certainly does call a Reader to lament for the Author, but it was mere Autobiographical Pathos. Johnson felt no Concern for others—unless they wanted a Dinner: He laughed at distresses of Sentiment.

Boswell—He sometimes could not bear being teazed with questions.

Piozzi—He said one day "I have been put so to the Question by Bozzy this Morning that I am now panting for Breath." . . . Was he not right in hating to be so treated? Would he not have been right to have lov'd me better than any of them? Because I never did make a Lyon of him.

Boswell—I supposed Doctor Johnson to be near-sighted; in no other respect could I discern any defect in his vision.

Piozzi—Yes, Yes; his Eye trembled in a very odd way—not the Lid, but the Eye.

Boswell—Doctor Johnson disapproved of the Royal Marriage Bill.

Piozzi—And now 1820 come out Books saying how wrong it is not to permit the Royal Family to marry the first Girl they see.

Boswell—The Counsel upon the circuit at Shrewsbury were much bitten by fleas.

Piozzi—Doctor Johnson complain'd of Fleas to Mr. Mitchell of Brighthelmstone; & the old Man with much affected Gravity said—"Perhaps they are beneficial in emptying the Capillary Vessels; & Flea bite o' me may be as good as Phlebotomy." Johnson was very ill pleas'd.

Boswell—Doctor Johnson wrote me that Reynolds had taken too much to strong liquour.

Piozzi—Johnson always fancied all the Men were drunk who drank anything but Water.

Boswell—During his visit to France in 1775 with you and Mr. Thrale he saw the Ecole Militaire.

Piozzi—Buonaparte was there no doubt. How little did we think that in that School resided the future Tyrant of all Europe!

Boswell—In Goldsmith's History of Nature a celebrated mathematician is represented as being subject to fits of yawning so violent as to render him incapable of proceeding in his lecture.

Piozzi—Where was the Calumny? Saying a man was subject to Fits of Yawning! He should have said Oscitancy—& then nobody would have minded.

Boswell—His wishing to unite himself with you, was much talked of, but I believe without foundation.

Piozzi—I believe so too!!

Boswell—He recommended to me to keep a journal of my life. He said it would yield me great satisfaction.

Piozzi—Would it? a Journal of a Life like Boswell's?

These are the merest crusts from that table, truly a Supper of Larks three platters rich. Our hostess has that valuable Coefficient of Muliebrity, the long retention of a grudge. When Boswell noted that the Doctor had once said (at Streatham) "a father has no right to controul the inclinations of his daughter in marriage," she ripostes "Some of his Auditors were of the Opinion, that Children might controul their Parents in Marriage." So the opposition of her daughters to the Piozzi romance still rankled.—Speaking of the daughters, Bozzy in a footnote gave a ponderous explanation of the nickname of her eldest, *Queeney.* "What Nonsense!" she exclaims. "It was a mere Pet Name for a Baby, too long continued."

There is one question I should have liked to ask her. As mysterious as the pallid unidentified clergyman (remembered in a delicious essay by Max Beerbohm: see his *And Even Now*) is the versifying cobbler Woodhouse who was used as a decoy to get Dr. Johnson to Streatham the first time. I wish Mrs. Piozzi had told us more about him. What became of him? I suppose he returned to his last. His only immortality—appropriately—is a footnote in Birkbeck Hill's *Miscellanies* and in Mr. R. B. Adam's Johnsonian catalogue, probably the world's most extraordinary evidences of literary affection.

Perhaps the gist of the matter was expressed by a correspondent of that same Mr. Adam, in a letter which Mr. Adam hasn't received yet—

Mrs. Piozzi
Loved to contradict Bozzy:
It probably was well
She outlived Boswell
For the things she wrote
Would have stuck in his throat.
She became hotsy-totsy
When she married Piozzi.

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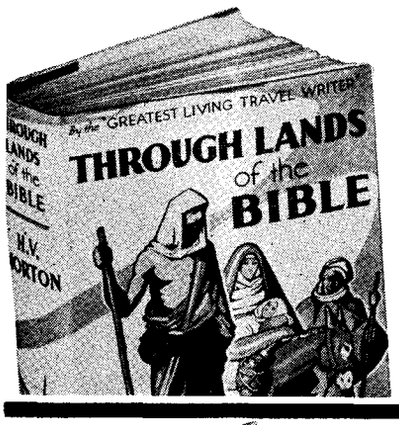

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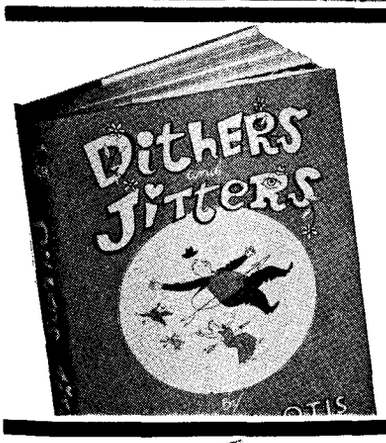

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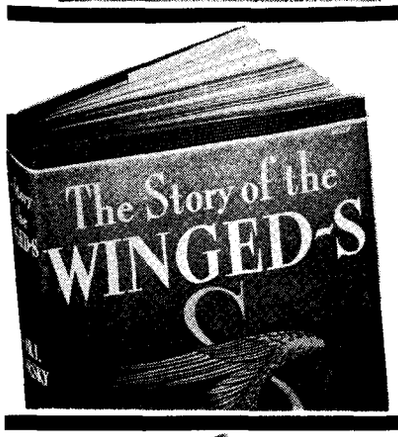

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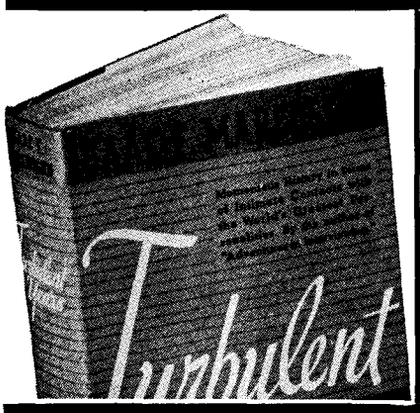

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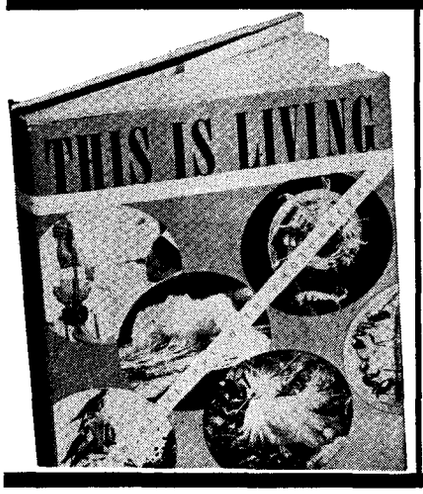

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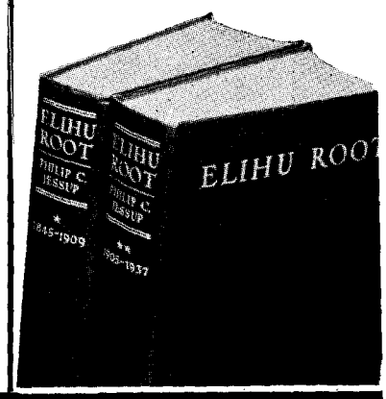

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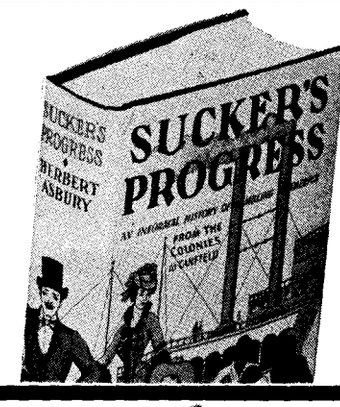

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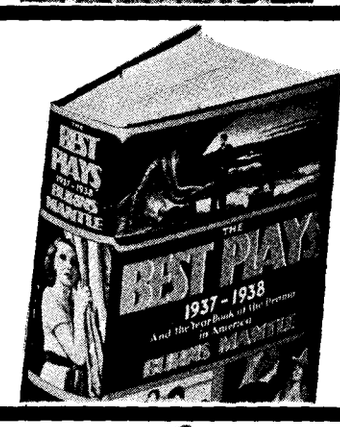

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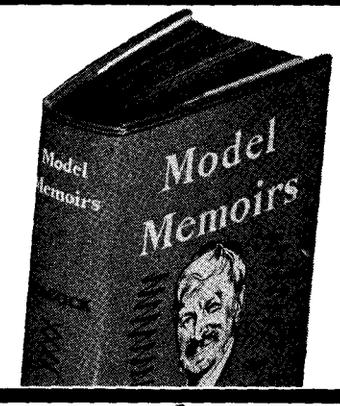

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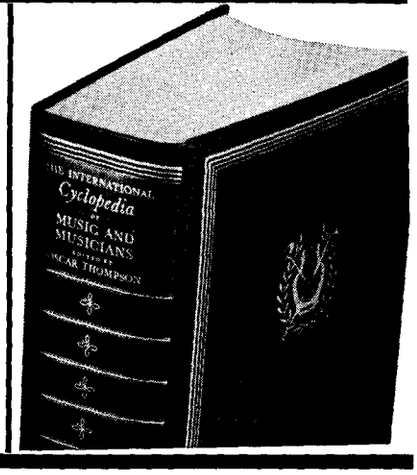

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Hero of Two Worlds

LAFAYETTE. By W. E. Woodward. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

MR. WOODWARD'S previous books, and notably his "A New American History," did not fare very well at the hands of the guild of professional historians. Their criticisms seem to have annoyed him, for in this life of Lafayette he often goes to a great deal of trouble to appear the opposite of what he considers academic. He uses up, for instance, a long foqtnote to explain that he doesn't give a damn about what has become of Lafayette's Paris house, formerly 81 rue de Bourbon, and that he took a taxi trip in Paris expressly not to find out what has become of it. The trip was apparently a success. This antagonism between academic historians and historians who aim at, or at any rate get, a wider popular audience, is of long standing and at present pretty well incurable. But it is an unfortunate one, and like most such antagonisms, probably does more to confirm both sides in their faults than in their virtues.

Mr. Woodward had certainly not let himself be bothered with such pedantic considerations as form and unity. He writes a straggling prose, now rhapsodic, now pedestrian, now sententious. He is beautifully undisturbed by conventional distinctions between a paragraph and a sentence. He will be story-teller to the people, a biographer out of Walt Whitman by Sherwood Anderson. But the genetics don't come out right. The rhapsodies in particular are appalling. "Poor confused youth! Do not be impatient. Your day is coming. The angels of Destiny are fluttering over your head. Your name is to resound throughout the world." The side-trips often end in blind alleys miles off the main road of Lafayette's career. Other disquisitions, more to the point in subject, are marred by the kind of ignorance of other civilizations foreigners love to find in Americans. Thus, Mr. Woodward seems astonished at Lafayette's arranged marriage, negotiations for which sound to him "like the dickerings over the sale of a herd of cattle." It is, of course, the American love-match that is the new thing in the history of Western peoples. The arranged match is as old as private property in Europe.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Woodward has set himself so doggedly to be the sage and artist, for both as history and as a study of the character of Lafayette his book has certain merits. As history, it is indeed badly proportioned. Just enough of the American revolution appears to string together the facts of Lafayette's share in it, and after 1799 Lafayette's career is handled rather sketchily. But some two-thirds of the book is concerned with the great French revolution, affords, indeed, a short history of that movement. It is not a bad short history. Mr. Woodward, like almost all Americans who have concerned themselves with the subject, sees it as the uprising of an oppressed people against a despotism both incompetent and tyrannical. But he is aware that Taine's black picture of the old regime cannot be wholly accepted, and that the men who made the revolution were mostly substantial people out to improve an already promising position, and not mere worms turning. He can describe the great moments of the revolution vividly, with relatively few touches of bad rhetoric. His brief sketches of leaders like Mirabeau, if necessarily a bit over-simplified, produce believable human beings.

It is with Lafayette himself, however, that Mr. Woodward scores his greatest success. This is certainly not the best life of Lafayette we are likely to have; that life is gradually emerging from the careful and sensible studies of Mr. L. R. Gottschalk. It is not as well-rounded and sober as Brand Whitlock's life of Lafayette. But Mr. Gottschalk's work will probably prove too long and substantial for popular consumption, and Whitlock has already had his audience. At the very least, Mr. Woodward's book should give many Americans a more realistic view of the hero of two worlds than is now readily available.

For Lafayette is for most of his adopted countrymen about as completely plaster-cast as any figure in our gallery of revolutionary heroes. He is the paladin, the symbol of a great—if nowadays rather tenuous — international friendship, the great tribute of the Old World to the New, and so on. By revulsion, he is for our advanced intellectuals an empty shell, a posturing and vainglorious fool with (as Jefferson himself put it) "a canine appetite for popularity," a lover of grand words and poses who in practical politics made a mess of his opportunities for leadership in three revolutions. Mr. Woodward is too true to his past as a debunker to fall into the first error, and make of Lafayette the ideal hero. He has also managed to avoid the worst forms of the second error. He admits that Lafayette was inordinately fond of the limelight, that he never ceased to be the actor. But he also sees that Lafayette was a rigorously honest and honorable man, that he had many of the essential talents of the political compromiser, the moderate, and that these very talents help explain his failure in the French revolution. For in the crisis of revolutions the conventional political virtues are useless, and indeed harmful, to their possessor.

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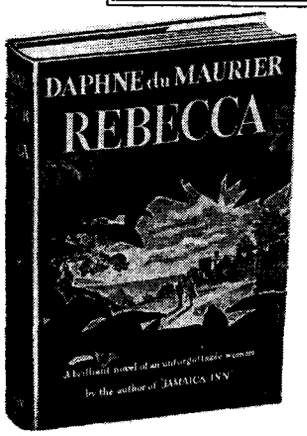

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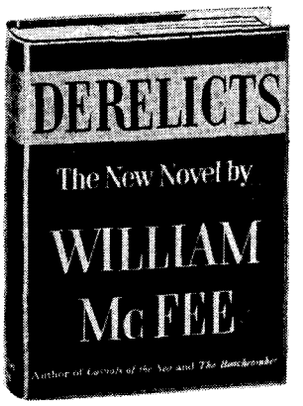

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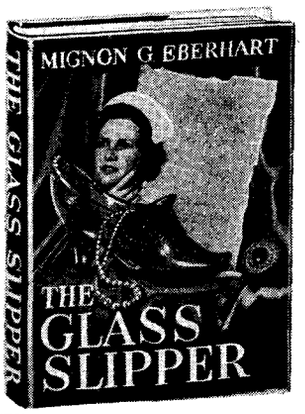

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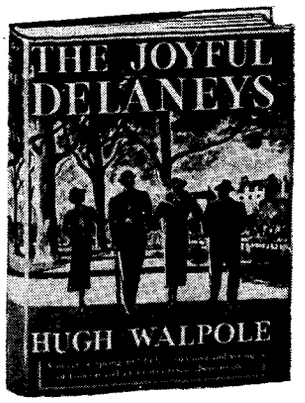

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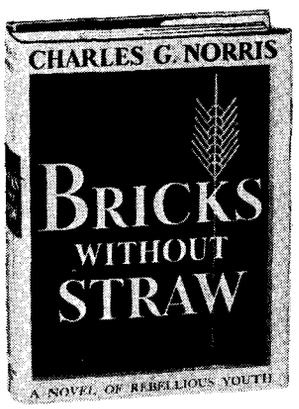

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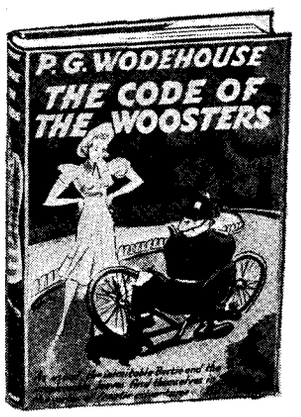

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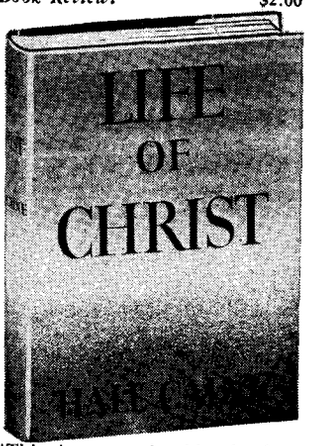

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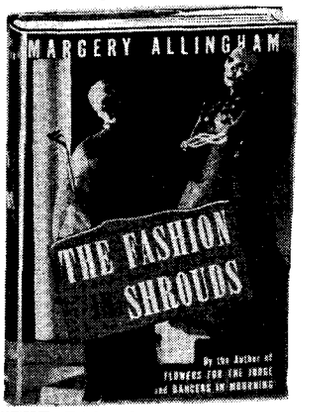

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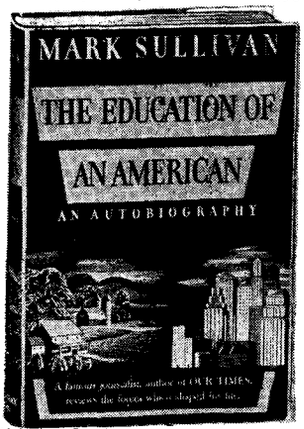

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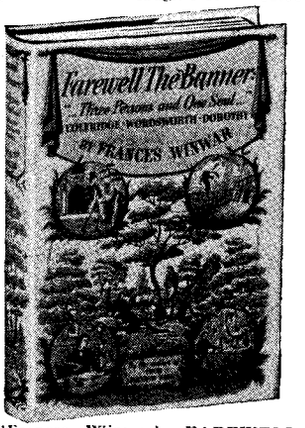

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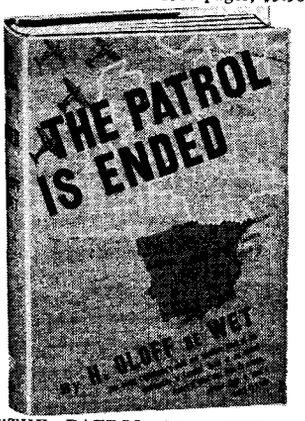

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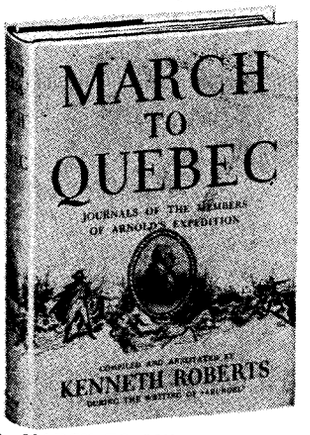

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HISTORY OF AN AUTUMN. By Christopher Morley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1938. $1.

Reviewed by FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

SEPTEMBER, 1938, was a momentous month: a time when the sum total of human foreboding, throughout the world, must have reached a new high mark; a time when history—or at least European history—turned a corner. Christopher Morley has tried to capture on paper the mood of those extraordinary weeks by showing, in a tiny book of less than fifteen thousand words, how the news from Europe and the everyday details of living and working impinged together upon one man's mind—his own.

Future historians, who may wisely use this "Time Capsule," as the author calls it, for reference, will need to remember that Mr. Morley's reactions and reflections were in some degree peculiar to himself. For, being a perpetually bubbling fountain of good-natured oddments, epigrams, literary associations, crochets, and delectable phrases, he includes in his chronicle so many meditations upon katydids, aviation, and Sing Sing Prison, so many references to John Donne, Vachel Lindsay, and Walt Whitman, that some historians might be a little confused, or imagine that we all went about in those dark days with thin volumes of verse in our coat-pockets, jotting down ideas for lyrics. Nor do I feel that Mr. Morley had been paying close enough attention to the sequence of diplomatic moves in Europe to interpret the September crisis justly. It is permissible, and may be very wise, to say, "If no one wins a war, no one loses a peace"; yet I question his praise of Chamberlain, "who went out into the most threatening sky the world has ever known, with no weapon but a furled umbrella." The little book, however, offers agreeably discursive reading—and much more, for it is full of remarkably keen observation of the minutiæ which gave those weeks their very special flavor. Put it on your shelf, and at any moment in the future you will be able to pull it down and, rereading it with pleasure, say to yourself, "This—overlooking the amusing side-trips into Mr. Morley's own world of literary fancy—is the way things looked then, and this is how we felt about them."

Frederick Lewis Allen is the author of "Only Yesterday."

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Again afresh to cards they run
As if they had but just begun.
Now voices over voices rise;
. . . . . .
All mad to speak and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking.
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter.

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A Great Artist of Our Time

DOROTHY RICHARDSON

PILGRIMAGE: The complete work of DOROTHY RICHARDSON now made available to American readers. All her twelve novels, in a handsome 4-volume edition. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1938. Each volume, $3. Set boxed, $10.

* * * * * * *

IN 1913, the year in which James Joyce was completing A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN, and in which the first volume of Marcel Proust's REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST was published, a young Englishwoman was embarking on a long literary enterprise which was eventually to rank her as an innovator with these two great artists. The enterprise was PILGRIMAGE, the writer was Dorothy Richardson.

In 1916 I published POINTED ROOFS, the first in that series; and at intervals thereafter I issued eight other volumes in Miss Richardson's great work. The critical response was a divided one; the reading public seemed either apathetic or confused. But a small, hardy group of critics and writers had found in PILGRIMAGE a new and exciting literary development, and from that time on Dorothy Richardson assumed an ever-increasing importance in the contemporary picture. For in POINTED ROOFS she introduced, and in her later chapters fully developed, an entirely new technique in English fiction. This method, transmuted by others into the 'stream of consciousness,' is familiar today through the writings of the many who followed the path on which she was the pioneer; the name of its originator is still relatively unknown.

Yet she is a legendary figure among her fellow craftsmen, who have recognized from the beginning both the intrinsic merit of her work and its importance in the development of the English novel. They have said of her:—

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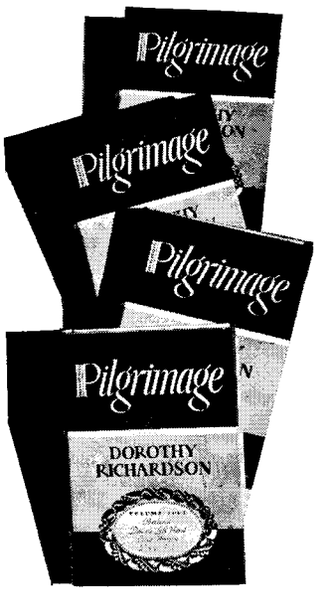

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CONTENTS

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Now, with the completion of the twelfth and concluding chapter, DIMPLE HILL—which is published in this edition for the first time either here or abroad—I am both happy and proud to present Miss Richardson once again to American readers.

Alfred A. Knopf

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First World War

THROUGH THE FOG OF WAR. By Liddell Hart. New York: Random House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by LT.-COL. DONALD ARMSTRONG

AT first glance this survey of the World War appears to be an incongruous medley of history and biography with an examination of certain personal memoirs and detailed considerations of a few campaigns and episodes. Nevertheless it achieves unity in its constant search for truth. It extends the boundaries and enlarges the horizons of military history by exploring the souls of leaders against a background provided by an unusually successful condensation of the story of the World War. In Haig Captain Hart finds the "quintessence of pre-war Britain." His admirable qualities of character and his innate intelligence were unfortunately hampered by his education and environment. Foch never understood the growing power of defense over attack. He constantly underestimated the material factor of armament and put his predominant faith in moral power. "As a conductor of war he only rivaled Napoleon in the qualities which brought Napoleon to St. Helena. As a commander of armies he rivaled Napoleon in will, but not in art." Of Joffre he writes, "heavy in body and intellect, he was obviously no Cassius." Ludendorf "is an outstanding lesson in the dangers of the expert who has so concentrated on his own department that he is unable to see the part in relation to the whole. He proclaimed the doctrine of national war while regarding it as merely a super-size soldiers' war." His comments on Generals Pershing and March are not always flattering, but his views are usually supported by citation of chapter and verse from their writings.

Liddell Hart is frequently blamed for advocating an exclusively defensive policy and for apparently assuming that battles can be fought without risk to human life or that wars can be won without battles. Such distortion of his teachings is absurd. This book makes clearer than ever his conception of war. For Britain itself, policy should be based on applying economic pressure through sea power. For the success of an offensive the vital quality is surprise. Above all the most effective form of warfare is the defensive-offensive. This plan allows the enemy to exhaust himself in a fruitless assault and then launches a counterstroke against his worn out forces. Examine our Civil War if you want confirmation of the soundness of these views. Or go back two thousand years to Caesar's strategy and learn that his success was based on these same concepts.

The professional soldier sometimes finds Captain Hart's medicine extremely bitter to swallow, but it is salutary for him as well as for the layman. For the will to victory is essential for winning a war, but the spirit of sacrifice must be backed by adequate armaments and above all by intelligent leadership. This leadership will be sounder if the lessons of this book, which is deeply sincere, brilliantly written, and most convincing, are acknowledged.

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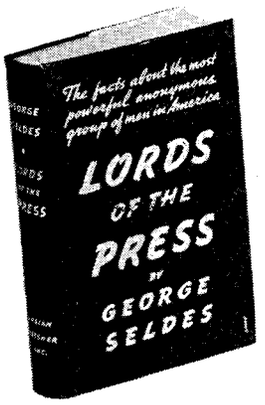

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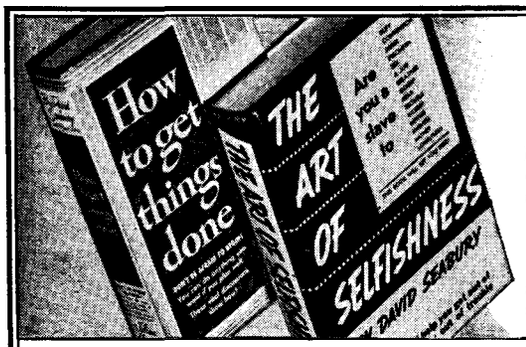

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An Irish Democrat

KING OF THE BEGGARS. By Seán O'Faoláin. New York: The Viking Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

AS one rightfully expected, if any Irish Catholic of Mr. O'Faoláin's generation ever wrote a life of Daniel O'Connell, it would differ sharply from its predecessors. O'Connell, "the Liberathor," owes his chief claim to fame to his advocacy of the movement which culminated in the Emancipation of the Catholics in Ireland in 1829. It is characteristic of this volume that, while the agitation for Emancipation runs through some two hundred and forty of its more than three hundred pages, the reader who consults the index in the hope of finding out when the Bill was passed will see no reference to "Catholic Emancipation," and the passing of the Bill itself is mentioned rather casually and without the precision of the conventional historian as to dates. Mr. O'Faoláin has preferred to present O'Connell as the founder of modern Irish democracy and to regard Catholic Emancipation as an incidental part of the whole process of emancipating modern Ireland. So much sentiment has been expended on the old Gaelic order in Ireland, which ended finally with the defeat of James II at the Battle of the Boyne and the Siege of Limerick, that Mr. O'Faoláin's realistic summary of the fruits of that Gaelic civilization and especially of the literature in its last phase, will provoke certain sentimentalists.

Although Mr. O'Faoláin presents O'Connell as the protagonist in the drama of the rise of democracy in Ireland—which has been essentially a struggle against England and Protestantism—he does not gloss over the defects of his hero, which were many and often irreconcilable with what other countries would define as heroic or democratic. A lot of the history which is necessary to an understanding of this book is obscure or unknown to most American readers. Yet, there is one factor in O'Connell's story which they will easily grasp, one which I might never have appreciated had I not come to this country—or rather, to New York. Mr. O'Faoláin says frankly "he was a Tammany lawyer and a great patriot," that all his life "he twisted and dodged, canted and recanted." His money-making abilities, his utter ruthlessness in argument, his personal physical courage, his delight in manipulating mobs, his shifty, tortuous, dishonest legal mind, his unscrupulous opportunism, made of him a super-Tammany man, or a Tammany superman. Had he come here after the Famine, as half the population did, he would assuredly have found an honored place in the Wigwam and merit a chapter like that consecrated to Tweed in Bryce's "American Commonwealth."

Mr. O'Faoláin, as I have said, does not spare O'Connell, but regards his faults as the result of circumstances and as redeemed by what he accomplished. It is a sign of the new times that so distinguished a figure of the new generation of Irish writers should make him the subject of one of the finest Irish biographies, packed with learning and information.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age & Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
HAPPILY EVER AFTER *C. and R. Beebe* (Nelson: $1.50)	4-6 Both	Gentle, short everyday stories of a happy family, all around the year. Very simple and real. Jolly pictures.	Good for nursery age
WEE BRIGIT O'TOOLE *Ruth and Richard Holberg* (Doubleday: $1.)	6-8 Girls	This is Wisconsin in the nineties, and again we have the Mr. Syrup, of "Mitty and Mr. Syrup." This time Mr. Syrup gives a sleigh ride and invites Brigit O'Toole.	Eight-year-olds will like Brigit
HIGH UP IN A PENT-HOUSE *Virginia Andrews* (Harpers: $1.)	6-8 Both	Unusual picture story book, about children with a dog and a garden up in the sky, their ride in an airplane.	A find for city children
THE BLACK PUP *Anne Brooks* (Viking: $1.50)	6-10 Both	Simply reported doings of a Salrader puppy, big enough to get into many funny scrapes. Amusing naive sketches by Margaret Van Doren.	Good for all puppy owners
LITTLE KARI *Ingrid Kittelsen Truder* (Lothrop: $1.50)	7-10 Girls	The agreeable flow of everyday events in the life of a little Norwegian girl, at home on the farm, and later in the city.	Gentle, and good
MRS. PEREGRINE AND THE YAK *Esther Burns* (Holt: $1.)	8-10 Both	An old lady is sorry for the lonely yak at the zoo, goes to Tibet to buy him a companion. A nice little tale, with pictures by Eloise Wilkins.	Passable nonsense
LITTLE CUMSEE IN DIXIE *Halsa Alison Hyser* (Longmans: $1.50)	8-10 Both	Plantation Negroes in Alabama, their superstitions voiced by old Mom Patience; little Cumsee and his friends getting into various country adventures.	Much dialect, but well done
HELEN'S GIFT HOUSE *Eliza Orne White* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	8-12 Girls	Twelve-year-old Helen Greenleaf is left a house on Cape Cod. She and her mother have adventures getting acquainted with their neighbors.	Mild, but agreeable
NUTCRACKER OF NUREMBERG *Donald E. Cooke* (Winston: $2.)	10-12 Both	This is a story built around the legend from which the Nutcracker music came. A Christmas fairy tale set in Nuremberg.	Pictures outshine text
HAVERHILL HERALD *Esther Greenacre Hall* (Random House: $2.)	12-16 Girls	How a green-eyed red-head met the challenge to save her father's newspaper and found the publishing of a newspaper a strenuous job but very exciting.	Story interest paramount
MIDSHIPMAN LEE *Robb White, III* (Little, Brown: $2.)	12-16 Boys	Life with the boys at Annapolis, the light-hearted side as well as some of the more solemn matters which concern a man in his Plebe Year at the Academy.	Good yarns
OUR COUNTRY FROM THE AIR *Edna E. Eisen* (Morrow: $2.)	8 and up Both	An up-to-the-minute, air-minded geography of the U. S. as seen from cross-continental and border-to-border flights. Many excellent and varied photographs from the air dramatize the text.	Photos speak louder than text
PAINTED SAINTS *Lucy Embury* (Viking: $2.)	9 and up Both	A book of excellent distinction and flavor about a waif, adopted by a kindly priest. Wash drawings by Guy Alexander picture the locale of the story, Provence and Marseilles.	Excellent
PERSIMMON CREEK *Nellie Page Carter* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	10 and up Both	A delightful Negro story about Jeff and his tag-along sister in the country, told by one who knows how to enjoy and understand the colored people.	Good fun
HONEY ON THE NILE *Erick Berry* (Oxford: $2.)	12-16 Both	How, in ancient Egypt, greed and treachery cost a kingdom and a beautiful young queen took flight down the Nile. Dramatic story, its accuracy vouched for by an authority on Egypt.	First rate
NORTHEND WILDCATS *Clyde Brion Davis* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	9 and up Boys and fathers	Boyhood money-making schemes, baseball and other activities in a small town a generation ago told from the boys' own uninhibited, ingenious, and energetic point of view.	Good remembering and reporting

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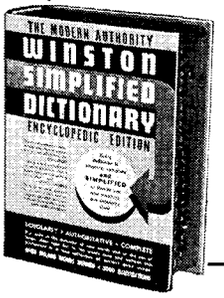

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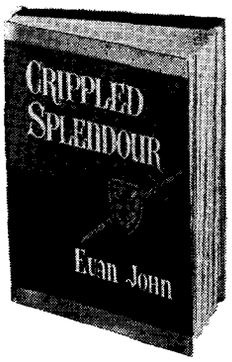

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A Study of Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE, MAN AND ARTIST. By Edgar I. Fripp. New York: Oxford University Press. 1938. 2 *vols.* $15.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

MR. E. I. FRIPP has long been known as an enthusiastic and devoted student of Shakespeare's environment. The titles of his earlier books, "Master Richard Quyny," "Shakespeare's Stratford," "Shakespeare's Haunts near Stratford," and "Shakespeare Studies" indicate the nature of his researches. All his life he studied Shakespeare and his background, hoping finally to embody his findings and conclusions in a comprehensive work. The present monumental volumes, all but finished when he died in 1931, is the accomplishment of his ambition.

The work is a difficult one to give a fair account of because of its peculiar method. It is divided into no fewer than one hundred and sixty-three chapters arranged roughly by chronology. But the materials, derived now from local antiquarian investigations, now from a study of the sources of the plays, now from the political and religious history of the time, and now from the reading of the plays themselves, are distributed in such a manner that continuous reading is discouraged. Thus the second volume opens with two and a half pages on Shakespeare and his garden, followed by two pages on Henry IV, Part 1, and four pages on the revision of "Love's Labor's Lost." Next come five pages on the Earl of Southampton, whose early life had been treated some two hundred pages earlier; and then a chapter on Meres's "Palladis Tamia," into which are tucked an account of Jonson's duel with Gabriel Spenser and a note that in the same year Richard Field represented the Stationers' Company at the Lord Mayor's feast. Such incoherence is a serious impediment both to the interest of the reader and to the use of the book as a work of reference.

Of the extent and thoroughness of the author's knowledge of Warwickshire in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries there can be no question. He must have spent endless time tramping

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
A MURDER OF CONVENIENCE *Robert George Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder of tyrannical millionaire in Central Park introduces private detectives Hunter and Griffith to pleasures and pitfalls of high society.	Strong family resemblance — with reverse English—to "You Can't Take It With You," lots of action and amusing chatter.	Smart and speedy
PORTRAIT OF A SCOUNDREL *Eden Phillpotts* (Macmillan: $2.)	Heartless and helplessly arthritic English doctor tells how he eliminated other members of old family to rule roost.	Chilling and cynical confession of series of diabolically planned and cleverly executed crimes. Little mystery and less sleuthing.	Grim
THE BLACK-HEADED PINS *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murder strikes twice in Christmas reunion of ill-assorted family. Paid companion of parsimonious hostess and guest unmask killer.	Family ghost in attic, comedy cop, whole shoal of red herrings, and cold-blooded murderer keep matters moving rapidly.	Diverting
MURDER AT THE MIKE *Charles Saxby* (Dutton: $2.)	California program sponsor poisoned whilst radiorating. Pardner slain in mid-air. Insp. Perrin, though much bamboozled, gets man.	Inside stuff on radio station operation and denizens especially interesting. Sleuthing adequate and murder devices ultra-modern.	Above average
POISON FROM A WEALTHY WIDOW *Paul Haggard* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Strangulation of lurid lady, whose missing husband owned "Cellini Mask," sets Warlock and Gilray whirring.	Starts all right and ends all right, but much of Spanish war stuff between decks is bilge.	Spotty
THE BATH MYSTERIES *E. R. Punshon* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Death in tub of Bobby Owen's cousin starts that young C.I.O.-man on trail of murder crew of sorts.	Impressive if not totally convincing, yarn of insurance-murders, man with "concussion of the soul," and others.	Readable
THE MYSTERIOUS MR. I *Harry Stephen Keeler* (Dutton: $2.)	Chicago doctor led up labyrinthine garden paths by protean narrator on trail of several long-cold killings.	Bizarre, ingenious, occasionally amusing, always irritating; i. e.—the customary Keeler tour de fuss.	Aw, shucks!

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the roads of the county and poring over parish records. From it all emerges a picture, disorderly but yet not without a certain vividness, of the people among whom Shakespeare was brought up, of their way of life, of their customs and manners, and of their beliefs. But he is subject to two of the weaknesses so often exhibited by the searchers of records. He drags in masses of irrelevant information, and he attempts (often unconsciously) to disguise the irrelevance by the invention of precarious hypotheses. For example, having found out many details about the family of the poet's mother, he guesses that two of her sisters were his godmothers; and for a godfather he presents him with his father's friend, William Smythe, a haberdasher, of Henley Street. The corroborative evidence is that John Shakespeare and William Smythe were friends, and that John's son was called William and William's John. Thereafter, from time to time through the two volumes, we meet with William Smythe, "presumed" godfather, and when he dies in 1600 a page is devoted to his will and the description of his property. "The frontage of his house was (and is) 40 feet 3 inches." It is hard to be patient with useless padding of this sort.

Much attention is paid to the actors of Shakespeare's plays, and much ingenuity is shown in fitting them to their presumed roles, not always convincingly. The author's eagerness to use his information about members of the company leads him at times to doubtful judgments on the text. Thus the line in "Romeo and Juliet," V, iii, 198,

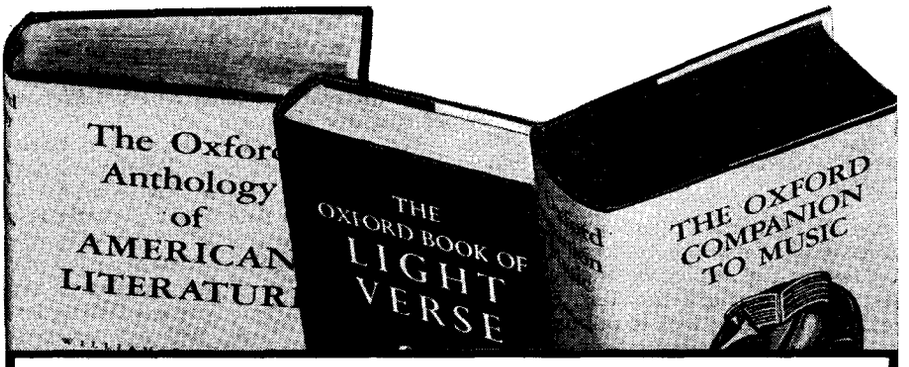
> Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

reads in Q_2 *Slaughter* for *slaughter'd*. Fripp would cut out the word altogether on the assumption that it is an intrusion from the margin of the name of Slaughter, an actor whom he conjectures to have played the part of Balthazar. "The correction 'slaughter'd Romeo's man'," he says, "is unjustified—Romeo was not slaughter'd, he drank poison." But all the Watchman knows is that Romeo is dead; there is no reason for an actor's name appearing in the margin at this point; and without "slaughter'd" the line lacks a foot.

Mr. Fripp is convinced that before going to London Shakespeare spent three years in an attorney's office. The evidence is solely from the large and, on the whole, accurate use of legal terms in the plays, but of this he produces a formidable amount. He is also sure that John Shakespeare was a Puritan recusant, and he attributes his retirement from municipal functions to this cause.

In spite of their confusion, their irrelevances, and their excessive use of conjecture, these volumes contain a great mass of information bearing upon the biography and the works of Shakespeare, and scholars cannot afford to ignore them. They are the work of an amateur, but of an amateur of immense industry who had accumulated more information than his training enabled him to digest.

W. A. Neilson, president of Smith College, is one of the leading Shakespearean scholars of this country, and editor of the Tudor Edition of Shakespeare's works.



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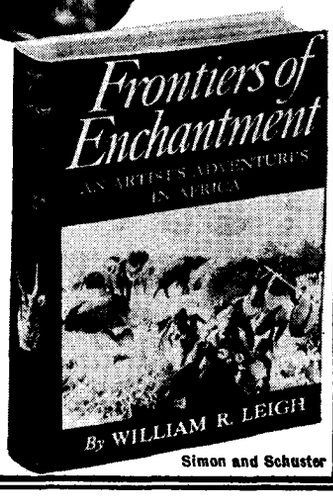

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The New Books

Biography

DANIEL WILLARD RIDES THE LINE. By Edward Hungerford. Putnams. 1938. $3.50.

The life of Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for the past twenty-eight years, is roughly coextensive with that of railroading. Born in Vermont in 1861, he took to railroading as soon as possible, beginning at eighteen with a section gang of the Vermont Central at ninety cents for a ten-hour day. Almost entirely self-educated, he rose from the ranks seemingly by persistence of curiosity about his job.

Mr. Hungerford tells the story in brisk vigorous words, with an affection and restraint born out of some years' close association with his subject. He properly respects his former chief's great industry and great modesty, his sense of a good job and his fine hand for diplomacy, his square dealing and humane feeling for railroad labor. A man who can say, in a discussion of enforced unemployment, "I would steal before I would starve" cannot be accused of stuffiness. Willard has been equally outspoken in explaining why, as a modern scientifically-minded man, he can no longer accept the religious views of his young manhood.

With due respect to Mr. Willard, it appears that his life has been lived more engagingly than it can be read. The railroading it entwines in the telling has not the immediacy and rush of adventure found in the railroad story of last year, "Railroadman." And the clash of financial wills, the inside of railroad "tycoonery," which might have redressed the balance is consistently, with due discretion, soft-pedaled. Thus the book has a certain sedateness and propriety which seem to keep it from full expression either of Willard or of railroading.

J. R.

WANDERING MINSTREL, THE LIFE STORY OF CAGLIARDO CORAGGIOSO. Written by himself. Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.

These memoirs resemble the organ grinder's cluttered begging bag which Mr. Coraggioso once emptied on the counter of an astonished British bank cashier. They have the same air of being poured forth "to my own surprise and that of every one else."

Nothing is impossible to this wanderer, who learned his oddly assorted English strictly by ear, and who taught himself to write on the lid of a grind-organ. "Wandering Minstrel" is a curious jumble of miracles, deaths by violence, courtships, kidnappings, rescues, journeys, freezings, wolf stories, snake stories, encounters with the police, roadside fights, and cruelties innumerable. Incredibly enough, Mr. Coraggioso survived, prospered, and made a success of his café in Scotland.

From his organ-grinding days, when life depended on it, Mr. Coraggioso has learned to hold his audience. Sensational and plaintive in turn, he tells his story in a home-made narrative style that is naive, brisk, and ingratiating.

L. B.

Fiction

CHRISTMAS DAYS. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Coward-McCann. 1938. $1.50.

This is a Christmas confection to delight the good army of Joseph C. Lincoln admirers. It is chock-full of Christmases, three of them, in fact, with all the accessories of turkey and pudding, of holly and evergreens, of sentimental tears and robustious laughter that endeared Cape Cod holidays to all who knew them in the latter half of the last century. The first Christmas, in the fifties, was for the children of the sea-going Days, and there was begun between them then the romance that was to blight the next great Christmas ten years later, and to make of the one ten years after that a deserved miracle. Captious critics might call it coincidence, but miracles are appropriate to Christmas, surely.

Mr. Lincoln has drawn his characters with his usual fidelity—the hale ship masters, the menial "member of the family" whose "extra hair" was put on for occasions, and Aunt Desire, the "poor lone widow woman" who had taken to "composition tea" and liked to be miserable on holidays. They are tart as cranberries in this savory little book.

H. D.

WHEN WOMEN LOVE. By E. M. Delafield. Harpers. 1938. $2.50.

It would be impossible for E. M. Delafield—with her experience, her technique, and her good, sound, vivid idea of what is a story and what isn't—to write a poor book. The danger she runs each time a new book of hers is published is that of being compared to herself. The three long short stories, "novelettes" if you like, in "When Women Love" are unmistakably by Delafield, and whether or not they are the best Delafield is a matter of opinion.

The first story—"The Wedding of Rose Barlow"—is far and away the best. But those who begin it with the idea of spending a pleasant afternoon with the Provincial Lady must simply put aside that expectation, and allow themselves to be led by a somber Miss Delafield who, profoundly stirred by that black chapter in England's history which was the Sepoy Mutiny, has chosen to stop smiling for a bit.

In "Girl of the Period," set in 1897, we meet the Delafield of "A Good Man's Love." It is a slight story, and depends a great deal on satiric nostalgia. "We Meant to be Happy" is set in a contemporary London suburb, and is a touching little middle-class tragedy.

All three stories follow the same pattern, pose the identical question. What happens when a woman who is about to marry, or has married, one man finds that she loves some one else? "When Women Love" doesn't appear to add much to the

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solution of that knotty question. What the book concludes is that there is always hell to pay, and that for all the social changes spanned in the years of the book the hell is not a whit more insulated, only architecturally different.

F. W.

Miscellaneous

TEN YEARS UNDER THE EARTH. By Norbert Casteret. Greystone Press. 1938. $3.

It was Norbert Casteret who discovered the oldest clay sculpture known to man. After swimming blindly through a totally submerged tunnel in the cavern of Montespan, France, he emerged amidst statues twenty thousand years old. It was he, too, who explored the caves of the Pyrenees to find many other examples of primitive art, mostly drawings of animals mutilated by actual javelins, for they were drawn not for art's sake but as effigies to wound and thereby ensure the capture of the beasts they represented. Prehistoric art, M. Casteret writes, was purely magic. In pursuit of hydro-geological data he was accustomed to descend by rope for hundreds of feet into abysmal darkness, to worm through gaseous tunnels and, naked, coast down ice chutes to frozen underworlds. Sometimes a handful of cave pearls, the oolites, would be the reward of these nightmare journeys, occasionally the discovery of a primitive museum more awesome than Madame Tussaud's. But his most sensational achievement, perhaps, was the finding of the long disputed and politically important source of the river Garonne. As M. Casteret is a scientist, honored by the French Academy, and not a thrill seeker, his book is of considerable value, but so excitingly written—and effectively translated by Barrows Mussey—that it can be enjoyed for its adventure alone.

H. D.

Religion

THE GREAT STORY. From the Authorized King James Version of the Bible. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. $2.

This is a life of Christ, compiled from the four Gospels, told in the words of the King James version, and illustrated with fifteen colored reproductions of great paintings, among them works by Ghirlandaio, Leonardo, and Titian. Here in a single narrative are the Magi of Saint Matthew and the shepherds of Saint Luke; the greatest parables and miracles; the four versions of the Crucifixion so skillfully joined as to bring into one story the Seven Last Words. The book has one limitation which ought to be pointed out, even though it may seem unduly critical to say anything of the sort about what is evidently a labor of love (for there is no compiler's name given). One may put it in this way: this is a book for Christmas rather than Good Friday. There are some odd omissions in the teachings—the omission, for instance, of a paragraph here and a single sentence there from the Sermon on the Mount. What the editor has wished to present is the Jesus of Whom we think at Christmas time, the Jesus of the Madonnas and the Adorations, the carols and the mystery plays. And that has been beautifully done.

B. D.

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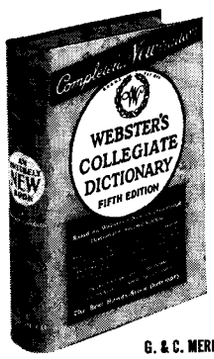

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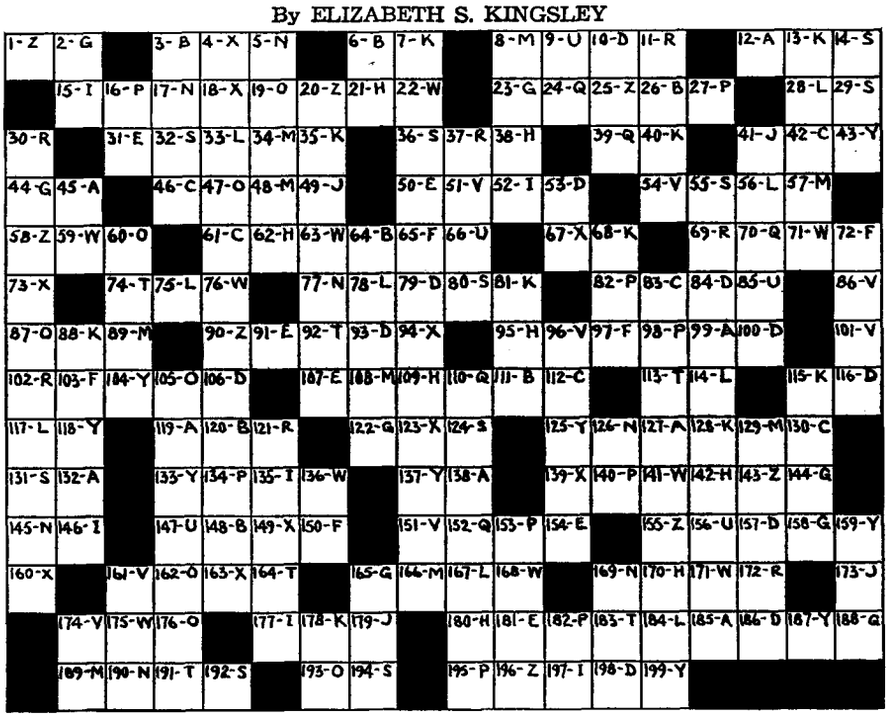
Double-Crostics: No. 245

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 32 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. French painter (1853-).

B. To disappear.

C. An abundance (coll.).

D. Play by Ibsen.

E. State appellation for Minnesota.

F. Spirit actuating moral ideals, etc.

G. A lycanthrope.

H. The rate of premium per unit of time.

I. War-theme of Homer and Vergil.

J. Moslem pilgrimage to Mecca.

K. Sentimental enthusiasm (word used by Byron).

L. Revulsive.

M. American novelist (1871-).

N. Native of Iowa.

O. Stanza of four hemistichs.

P. To urge persistently.

Q. Tool for skimming molten glass.

R. Prated.

S. Mistresses Ford and Page (2 wds.).

T. European Monarch (1875-1934).

U. Under, below (It.).

V. Mixed, miscellaneous.

W. Mitigated.

X. Permission of precedence over others (comp.).

Y. Laboriously, diligently.

Z. Bestows profusely.

WORDS

99 132 12 119 185 138 127 45

111 64 120 3 6 26 148

42 83 130 61 46 112

157 186 84 53 79 198 106 100 116 93 10

154 91 107 181 31 50

65 150 103 97 72

122 144 158 188 165 2 44 23

170 38 95 62 109 142 21 180

146 197 52 15 177 135

49 173 179 41

40 178 88 13 7 81 115 128 68 35

117 33 78 114 167 28 184 75 56

8 57 108 34 48 89 166 129 189

126 145 5 169 77 17 190

105 19 193 47 87 60 162 176

134 195 82 16 140 27 98 153 182

110 152 39 24 70

30 37 102 121 172 11 69

36 194 14 80 124 131 55 32 29 192

74 92 113 164 183 191

66 156 85 147 9

174 96 51 54 161 151 101 86

63 168 171 136 59 141 175 22 71 76

163 67 139 123 73 4 18 160 149 94

137 133 118 187 159 125 104 43 199

20 25 143 58 1 90 196 155

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Pericrane Q., by reason of blizzards round The Fantods, found himself in a Christmas mood unusually early this year. ☞In spite of all the sentimental saveloy that has been written for centuries, no one has yet really given a picture of the plain honest fun that a privacy-minded guy can have in his library on a winter's night; especially after a day of snow-shovelling and rhododendron-shaking (when the shrubs get heavily weighted with snow they must each be shaken otherwise they will ice-clot and bust). ☞It was odd to see the marigolds still blossoming bright yellow sticking up above dazzling snowdrifts. ☞Rather like essayists after the reviewers have been round. ☞We had occasion to move an old spinet-desk which had been covering up several feet of shelves in this room. ☞We wanted to look up the date of John Donne's marriage. ☞Which was, after all, strictly speaking none of our business. ☞And Donne himself did his best to keep it quiet. ☞So doing opened up several hundred books we hadn't looked at in a long time. ☞There were the four volumes of Buckle's *History of Civilization,* the edition published in 1913 by Hearst and pushed by Arthur Brisbane. ☞We remembered our old habit of using Buckle for *sortes Virgilianae,* so we shut eyes and opened at random putting our finger on the page to see if the passage so spotted would give us an omen for the Future of Civilization. ☞We landed on p. 489 in volume 2—which is blank. ☞We consoled with a noggin of Ballantine's ("in use for over 100 years—by appointment to the late Queen Victoria") since Buckle is a work that is traditionally accompanied by a moderate snort. ☞If you question this, look up "a glass of Buckle" in chapter 23 of Stevenson's *The Wrecker.*

☞The 1938 Christmas Seals were designed by one of our own favorite artists, Lloyd Coe, who has contributed many amusing cartoons (signed "Lloyd") in this *Review.* Mr. Coe studied under our old friend, the late George Pearse Ennis. ☞Speaking of mottoes, a pleasant one for a bookplate would be *The most agreeable subject in the world is literary history,* which Boswell quoted from Warburton. ☞The specialty booksellers are always looking for something to reprint as a Christmas oddity. We suggest the very touching letters written by Dr. Johnson about the family bookshop in Lichfield, after his old mother's death in January 1759. See the G. B. Hill edition of the Letters, Vol. I, p. 83. Perennial for the Trade is the letter from Dr. Johnson's uncle saying they had had to sell off a lot of books "at a loe rate to turn it into money." ☞The best detective story we've read lately (with one of the most unattractive jackets) is *The Crooked Hinge* by John Dickson Carr. ☞Old Q never wearies of Reading Lists, and always finds in them occasion for argument. One that seemed good was the *Harvard Reading List in American History* given away at the Boston Book Fair; one that would offer more chances for controversy is *Good Reading, 1000 Books Briefly Described,* prepared by a committee of the National Council of Teachers of English, 211 W. 68 St., Chicago. (The price of this interesting booklet of 96 pp. is only 20c). ☞The Committee of English Teachers (Prof. A. H. Townsend, chairman) who compiled this list were to some extent guided by the desires and needs of college students, which makes some of their omissions the more surprising. For instance we find none of the following included: C. E. Montague, George Saintsbury, G. K. Chesterton, Havelock Ellis, John Morley, William Osler (whose essays for students are of exceptional charm and wisdom) Kenneth Grahame, Cunninghame Graham, Montague James (greatest writer of ghost stories in our time), Chauncey Tinker, John Livingston Lowes, Arthur Machen, George Gissing, H. M. Tomlinson, A. A. Milne, Constance Holme, Mary Webb, A. Edward Newton, E. V. Lucas, Don Marquis, Eugene Field, George Ade, Mr. Dooley, E. M. Forster, Anthony Hope, F. Anstey, Alice Meynell, Frank Stockton, Richard Jefferies, Stella Benson, Jules Verne, Havelock Ellis, John Woolman. ☞Among the Germans, no Rilke; among the French, no Valéry. ☞But most astonishing of all, and what shows we have passed into a new era, here is a list compiled with the aid of 1638 students in 53 different colleges, which does not list one of the books of Henry Mencken. ☞Sometimes we have a horrid suspicion that college English teachers are too hellbent on keeping up with the Very Latest Fashion. ☞Our secret idea (in some moods) is that college is intended as a retreat from, or defense against, just that. ☞We are delighted to find in Mark Sullivan's *The Education of an American* that he is a lover of the Irish tales of Somerville & Ross. ☞But we can't allow Mr. Sullivan to attribute to Pope the famous lines by Cowper: "I am monarch of all I survey," etc.

☞We note in the sale catalogue of the library of William Randolph Hearst (Parke-Bernet Galleries) that a book once owned and prized by John Bunyan came eventually to Mr. Hearst. Somehow the contrast seems a little grim. ☞The annual R. R. Bowker Memorial Lecture at the New York Public Library will be given at 8.30, December 8, by F. S. Crofts, the educational publisher. His topic is "Textbooks Are Not Absolutely Dead Things," which we hope his learned audience will recognize as a paraphrase from *Areopogitica.* ☞Little Brown & Co., remarking "There are few jobs as exhilarating and exhausting as bookselling in the busy season," compile some suggestions for New Help in bookstores. Among these we find "If you are just out of college and majored in English Literature, keep it a secret."

☞*The Oxford Anthology of American Literature,* edited by William Rose Benét and Norman H. Pearson, contains several pieces or commentaries which have not appeared before, including "How Writing is Written" by Gertrude Stein. ☞Gertrude is still trying to find out.

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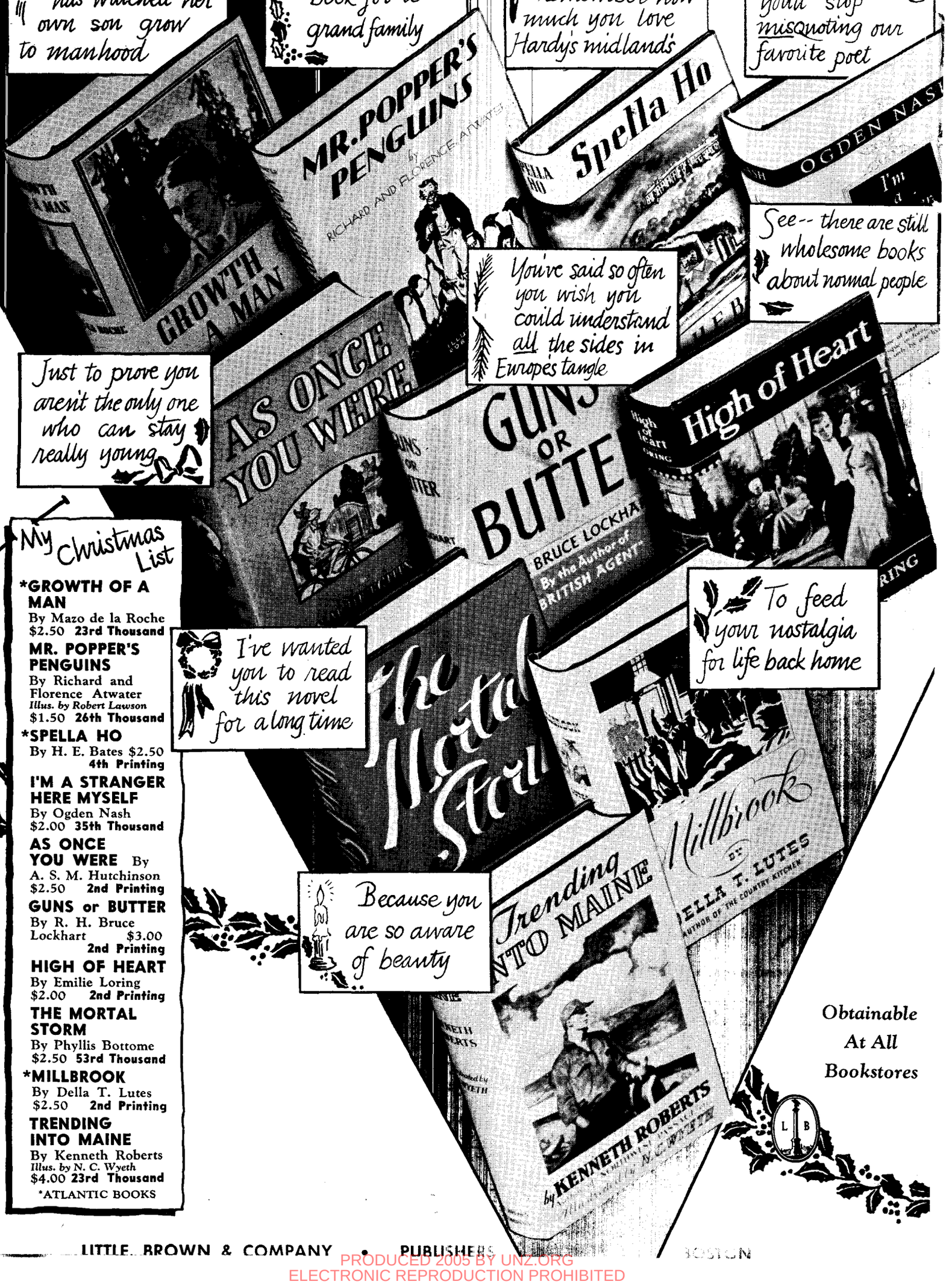

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